

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

MR. FAIRLIE'S NARRATIVE CONCLUDED.

Is it necessary to say what my first impression was, when I looked at my visitor's card? Surely not? My sister having married a foreigner, there was but one impression that any man in his senses could possibly feel. Of course the Count had come to borrow money of me.

"Louis," I said, "do you think he would go away, if you gave him five shillings?"

Louis looked quite shocked. He surprised me inexpressibly, by declaring that my sister's foreign husband was dressed superbly, and looked the picture of prosperity. Under these circumstances, my first impression altered to a certain extent. I now took it for granted, that the Count had matrimonial difficulties of his own to contend with, and that he had come, like the rest of the family, to cast them all on my shoulders.

"Did he mention his business?" I asked.

"Count Fosco said he had come here, sir, because Miss Halcombe was unable to leave Blackwater Park."

Fresh troubles, apparently. Not exactly his own, as I had supposed, but dear Marian's. It made very little difference. Troubles, any way. Oh dear!

"Show him in," I said, resignedly.

The Count's first appearance really startled me. He was such an alarmingly large person, that I quite trembled. I felt certain that he would shake the floor, and knock down my art-treasures. He did neither the one nor the other. He was refreshingly dressed in summer costume; his manner was delightfully self-possessed and quiet—he had a charming smile. My first impression of him was highly favourable. It is not creditable to my penetration—as the sequel will show—to acknowledge this; but I am a naturally candid man, and I do acknowledge it, notwithstanding.

"Allow me to present myself, Mr. Fairlie," he said. "I come from Blackwater Park, and I have the honour and the happiness of being Madame Fosco's husband. Let me take my first, and last, advantage of that circumstance, by entreating you not to make a stranger of me. I beg you will not disturb yourself—I beg you will not move."

"You are very good," I replied. "I wish I

was strong enough to get up. Charmed to see you at Limmeridge. Please take a chair."

"I am afraid you are suffering to-day," said the Count.

"As usual," I said. "I am nothing but a bundle of nerves dressed up to look like a man."

"I have studied many subjects in my time," remarked this sympathetic person. "Among others, the inexhaustible subject of nerves. May I make a suggestion, at once the simplest and the most profound? Will you let me alter the light in your room?"

"Certainly—if you will be so very kind as not to let any of it in on me."

He walked to the window. Such a contrast to dear Marian! so extremely considerate in all his movements!

"Light," he said, in that delightfully confidential tone which is so soothing to an invalid, "is the first essential. Light stimulates, nourishes, preserves. You can no more do without it, Mr. Fairlie, than if you were a flower. Observe. Here, where you sit, I close the shutters, to compose you. There, where you do *not* sit, I draw up the blind and let in the invigorating sun. Admit the light into your room, if you cannot bear it on yourself. Light, sir, is the grand decree of Providence. You accept Providence with your own restrictions. Accept Light—on the same terms."

I thought this very convincing and attentive. He had taken me in—up to that point about the light, he had certainly taken me in.

"You see me confused," he said, returning to his place—"on my word of honour, Mr. Fairlie, you see me confused in your presence."

"Shocked to hear it, I am sure. May I inquire why?"

"Sir, can I enter this room (where you sit a sufferer), and see you surrounded by these admirable objects of Art, without discovering that you are a man whose feelings are acutely impressionable, whose sympathies are perpetually alive? Tell me, can I do this?"

If I had been strong enough to sit up in my chair, I should of course have bowed. Not being strong enough, I smiled my acknowledgments instead. It did just as well; we both understood one another.

"Pray follow my train of thought," continued the Count. "I sit here, a man of refined sympathies myself, in the presence of another man of refined sympathies also. I am conscious of a

terrible necessity for lacerating those sympathies, by referring to domestic events of a very melancholy kind. What is the inevitable consequence? I have done myself the honour of pointing it out to you, already. I sit confused."

Was it at this point that I began to suspect he was going to bore me? I rather think it was.

"Is it absolutely necessary to refer to these unpleasant matters?" I inquired. "In our homely English phrase, Count Fosco, won't they keep?"

The Count, with the most alarming solemnity, sighed and shook his head.

"Must I really hear them?"

He shrugged his shoulders (it was the first foreign thing he had done, since he had been in the room); and looked at me in an unpleasantly penetrating manner. My instincts told me that I had better close my eyes. I obeyed my instincts.

"Please, break it gently," I pleaded. "Anybody dead?"

"Dead!" cried the Count, with unnecessary foreign fierceness. "Mr. Fairlie! your national composure terrifies me. In the name of Heaven, what have I said, or done, to make you think me the messenger of death?"

"Pray accept my apologies," I answered. "You have said and done nothing. I make it a rule, in these distressing cases, always to anticipate the worst. It breaks the blow, by meeting it half way, and so on. Inexpressibly relieved, I am sure, to hear that nobody is dead. Anybody ill?"

I opened my eyes, and looked at him. Was he very yellow, when he came in? or had he turned very yellow, in the last minute or two? I really can't say; and I can't ask Louis, because he was not in the room at the time.

"Anybody ill?" I repeated; observing that my national composure still appeared to affect him.

"That is part of my bad news, Mr. Fairlie. Yes. Somebody is ill."

"Grieved, I am sure. Which of them is it?"

"To my profound sorrow, Miss Halcombe. Perhaps you were in some degree prepared to hear this? Perhaps, when you found that Miss Halcombe did not come here by herself, as you proposed, and did not write a second time, your affectionate anxiety may have made you fear that she was ill?"

I have no doubt my affectionate anxiety had led to that melancholy apprehension, at some time or other; but, at the moment, my wretched memory entirely failed to remind me of the circumstance. However, I said, Yes, in justice to myself. I was much shocked. It was so very uncharacteristic of such a robust person as dear Marian to be ill, that I could only suppose she had met with an accident. A horse, or a false step on the stairs, or something of that sort.

"Is it serious?" I asked.

"Serious—beyond a doubt," he replied.

"Dangerous—I hope and trust not. Miss Halcombe unhappily exposed herself to be wetted through by a heavy rain. The cold that followed

was of an aggravated kind; and it has now brought with it the worst consequence—Fever."

When I heard the word, Fever, and when I remembered, at the same moment, that the unscrupulous person who was now addressing me had just come from Blackwater Park, I thought I should have fainted on the spot.

"Good God!" I said. "Is it infectious?"

"Not at present," he answered, with detestable composure. "It may turn to infection—but no such deplorable complication had taken place when I left Blackwater Park. I have felt the deepest interest in the case, Mr. Fairlie—I have endeavoured to assist the regular medical attendant in watching it—accept my personal assurances of the uninfected nature of the fever, when I last saw it."

Accept his assurances! I never was farther from accepting anything in my life. I would not have believed him on his oath. He was too yellow to be believed. He looked like a walking-West-Indian-epidemic. He was big enough to carry typhus by the ton, and to dye the very carpet he walked on with scarlet fever. In certain emergencies, my mind is remarkably soon made up. I instantly determined to get rid of him.

"You will kindly excuse an invalid," I said—"but long conferences of any kind invariably upset me. May I beg to know exactly what the object is to which I am indebted for the honour of your visit?"

I fervently hoped that this remarkably broad hint would throw him off his balance—confuse him—reduce him to polite apologies—in short, get him out of the room. On the contrary, it only settled him in his chair. He became additionally solemn and dignified and confidential. He held up two of his horrid fingers, and gave me another of his unpleasantly penetrating looks. What was I to do? I was not strong enough to quarrel with him. Conceive my situation, if you please. Is language adequate to describe it? I think not.

"The objects of my visit," he went on, quite irrepressibly, "are numbered on my fingers. They are two. First, I come to bear my testimony, with profound sorrow, to the lamentable disagreements between Sir Percival and Lady Glyde. I am Sir Percival's oldest friend; I am related to Lady Glyde by marriage; I am an eye-witness of all that has happened at Blackwater Park. In those three capacities I speak with authority, with confidence, with honourable regret. Sir! I inform you, as the head of Lady Glyde's family, that Miss Halcombe has exaggerated nothing in the letter that she wrote to your address. I affirm that the remedy which that admirable lady has proposed, is the only remedy that will spare you the horrors of public scandal. A temporary separation between husband and wife is the one peaceable solution of this difficulty. Part them for the present; and when all causes of irritation are removed, I, who have now the honour of addressing you—I will undertake to bring Sir Percival to reason. Lady Glyde is innocent,

Lady Glyde is injured; but—follow my thought here!—she is, on that very account (I say it with shame), the cause of irritation while she remains under her husband's roof. No other house can receive her with propriety, but yours. I invite you to open it!"

Cool. Here was a matrimonial hailstorm pouring in the South of England; and I was invited, by a man with fever in every fold of his coat, to come out from the North of England, and take my share of the pelting. I tried to put the point forcibly, just as I have put it here. The Count deliberately lowered one of his horrid fingers; kept the other up; and went on—rode over me, as it were, without even the common coachmanlike attention of crying "Hi!" before he knocked me down.

"Follow my thought once more, if you please," he resumed. "My first object you have heard. My second object in coming to this house is to do what Miss Halcombe's illness has prevented her from doing for herself. My large experience is consulted on all difficult matters at Blackwater Park; and my friendly advice was requested on the interesting subject of your letter to Miss Halcombe. I understood at once—for my sympathies are your sympathies—why you wished to see her here, before you pledged yourself to inviting Lady Glyde. You are most right, sir, in hesitating to receive the wife, until you are quite certain that the husband will not exert his authority to reclaim her. I agree to that. I also agree that such delicate explanations as this difficulty involves, are not explanations which can be properly disposed of by writing only. My presence here (to my own great inconvenience) is the proof that I speak sincerely. As for the explanations themselves, I—Fosco—I who know Sir Percival much better than Miss Halcombe knows him, affirm to you, on my honour and my word, that he will not come near this house, or attempt to communicate with this house, while his wife is living in it. His affairs are embarrassed. Offer him his freedom, by means of the absence of Lady Glyde. I promise you he will take his freedom, and go back to the Continent, at the earliest moment when he can get away. Is this clear to you as crystal? Yes, it is. Have you questions to address to me? Be it so; I am here to answer. Ask, Mr. Fairlie—oblige me by asking, to your heart's content."

He had said so much already in spite of me; and he looked so dreadfully capable of saying a great deal more, also in spite of me, that I declined his amiable invitation, in pure self-defence.

"Many thanks," I replied. "I am sinking fast. In my state of health, I must take things for granted. Allow me to do so, on this occasion. We quite understand each other. Yes. Much obliged, I am sure, for your kind interference. If I ever get better, and ever have a second opportunity of improving our acquaintance—"

He got up. I thought he was going. No. More talk; more time for the development of

infections influences—in my room, too; remember that, in my room!

"One moment, yet," he said; "one moment, before I take my leave. I ask permission, at parting, to impress on you an urgent necessity. It is this, sir! You must not think of waiting till Miss Halcombe recovers, before you receive Lady Glyde. Miss Halcombe has the attendance of the doctor, of the housekeeper at Blackwater Park, and of an experienced nurse as well—three persons for whose capacity and devotion I answer with my life. I tell you that. I tell you, also, that the anxiety and alarm of her sister's illness has already affected the health and spirits of Lady Glyde, and has made her totally unfit to be of use in the sick-room. Her position with her husband grows more and more deplorable and dangerous, every day. If you leave her any longer at Blackwater Park, you do nothing whatever to hasten her sister's recovery, and, at the same time, you risk the public scandal, which you, and I, and all of us, are bound, in the sacred interests of the Family, to avoid. With all my soul, I advise you to remove the serious responsibility of delay from your own shoulders, by writing to Lady Glyde to come here at once. Do your affectionate, your honourable, your inevitable duty; and, whatever happens in the future, no one can lay the blame on *you*. I speak from my large experience; I offer my friendly advice. Is it accepted—Yes, or No?"

I looked at him—merely looked at him—with my sense of his amazing assurance, and my dawning resolution to ring for Louis, and have him shown out of the room, expressed in every line of my face. It is perfectly incredible, but quite true, that my face did not appear to produce the slightest impression on him. Born without nerves—evidently, born without nerves!

"You hesitate?" he said. "Mr. Fairlie! I understand that hesitation. You object—see, sir, how my sympathies look straight down into your thoughts!—you object that Lady Glyde is not in health and not in spirits to take the long journey, from Hampshire to this place, by herself. Her own maid is removed from her, as you know; and, of other servants fit to travel with her, from one end of England to another, there are none at Blackwater Park. You object, again, that she cannot comfortably stop and rest in London, on her way here, because she cannot comfortably go alone to a public hotel where she is a total stranger. In one breath, I grant both objections—in another breath, I remove them. Follow me, if you please, for the last time. It was my intention, when I returned to England with Sir Percival, to settle myself in the neighbourhood of London. That purpose has just been happily accomplished. I have taken, for six months, a little furnished house, in the quarter called St. John's Wood. Be so obliging as to keep this fact in your mind; and observe the programme I now propose. Lady Glyde travels to London (a short journey)—I myself meet her at the station—I take her to rest and sleep at my house, which is also the house of her



aunt—when she is restored, I escort her to the station again—she travels to this place, and her own maid (who is now under your roof) receives her at the carriage-door. Here is comfort consulted; here are the interests of propriety consulted; here is your own duty—duty of hospitality, sympathy, protection, to an unhappy lady in need of all three—smoothed and made easy, from the beginning to the end. I cordially invite you, sir, to second my efforts in the sacred interests of the Family. I seriously advise you to write, by my hands, offering the hospitality of your house (and heart), and the hospitality of my house (and heart), to that injured and unfortunate lady whose cause I plead to-day.”

He waved his horrid hand at me; he struck his infectious breast; he addressed me oratorically—as if I was laid up in the House of Commons. It was high time to take a desperate course of some sort. It was also high time to send for Louis, and adopt the precaution of fumigating the room.

In this trying emergency, an idea occurred to me—an inestimable idea which, so to speak, killed two intrusive birds with one stone. I determined to get rid of the Count's tiresome eloquence, and of Lady Glyde's tiresome troubles, by complying with this odious foreigner's request, and writing the letter at once. There was not the least danger of the invitation being accepted, for there was not the least chance that Laura would consent to leave Blackwater Park, while Marian was lying there ill. How this charmingly convenient obstacle could have escaped the officious penetration of the Count, it was impossible to conceive—but it *had* escaped him. My dread that he might yet discover it, if I allowed him any more time to think, stimulated me to such an amazing degree, that I struggled into a sitting position; seized, really seized, the writing materials by my side; and produced the letter as rapidly as if I had been a common clerk in an office. “Dearest Laura, Please come, whenever you like. Break the journey by sleeping in London at your aunt's house. Grieved to hear of dear Marian's illness. Ever affectionately yours.” I handed these lines, at arm's length, to the Count—I sank back in my chair—I said, “Excuse me; I am entirely prostrated; I can do no more. Will you rest and lunch down stairs? Love to all, and sympathy, and so on. Good morning.”

He made another speech—the man was absolutely inexhaustible. I closed my eyes; I endeavoured to hear as little as possible. In spite of my endeavours, I was obliged to hear a great deal. My sister's endless husband congratulated himself and congratulated me, on the result of our interview; he mentioned a great deal more about his sympathies and mine; he deplored my miserable health; he offered to write me a prescription; he impressed on me the necessity of not forgetting what he had said about the importance of light; he accepted my obliging invitation to rest and lunch; he recommended me to expect Lady Glyde in two or three days' time;

he begged my permission to look forward to our next meeting, instead of paining himself and paining me, by saying farewell; he added a great deal more, which, I rejoice to think, I did not attend to at the time, and do not remember now. I heard his sympathetic voice travelling away from me by degrees—but, large as he was, I never heard *him*. He had the negative merit of being absolutely noiseless. I don't know when he opened the door, or when he shut it. I ventured to make use of my eyes again, after an interval of silence—and he was gone.

I rang for Louis, and retired to my bathroom. Tepid water, strengthened with aromatic vinegar, for myself, and copious fumigation, for my study, were the obvious precautions to take; and of course I adopted them. I rejoice to say, they proved successful. I enjoyed my customary siesta. I awoke moist and cool. My first inquiries were for the Count. Had we really got rid of him? Yes—he had gone away by the afternoon train. Had he lunched; and, if so, upon what? Entirely upon fruit-tart and cream. What a man! What a digestion!

Am I expected to say anything more? I believe not. I believe I have reached the limits assigned to me. The shocking circumstances which happened at a later period, did not, I am thankful to say, happen in my presence. I do beg and entreat that nobody will be so very unfeeling as to lay any part of the blame of those circumstances on *me*. I did everything for the best. I am not answerable for a deplorable calamity, which it was quite impossible to foresee. I am shattered by it; I have suffered under it, as nobody else has suffered. My servant, Louis (who is really attached to me, in his unintelligent way), thinks I shall never get over it. He sees me dictating at this moment, with my handkerchief to my eyes. I wish to mention, in justice to myself, that it was not my fault, and that I am quite exhausted and heartbroken. I can say no more.

#### THE NARRATIVE OF ELIZA MICHELSON, HOUSE-KEEPER AT BLACKWATER PARK.

I AM asked to state plainly what I know of the progress of Miss Halcombe's illness, and of the circumstances under which Lady Glyde left Blackwater Park for London.

The reason given for making this demand on me is, that my testimony is wanted in the interests of truth. As the widow of a clergyman of the Church of England (reduced by misfortune to the necessity of accepting a situation), I have been taught to place the claims of truth above all other considerations. I therefore comply with a request which I might otherwise, through reluctance to connect myself with distressing family affairs, have hesitated to grant.

I made no memorandum at the time, and I cannot therefore be sure to a day, of the date; but I believe I am correct in stating that Miss Halcombe's serious illness began during the



first week in July. The breakfast hour was late at Blackwater Park—sometimes as late as ten, never earlier than half-past nine. On the morning to which I am now referring, Miss Halcombe (who was usually the first to come down) did not make her appearance at the table. After the family had waited a quarter of an hour, the upper housemaid was sent to see after her, and came running out of the room, dreadfully frightened. I met the servant on the stairs, and went at once to Miss Halcombe to see what was the matter. The poor lady was incapable of telling me. She was walking about her room with a pen in her hand, quite light-headed, in a state of burning fever.

Lady Glyde (being no longer in Sir Percival's service, I may, without impropriety, mention my former mistress by her name, instead of calling her *My Lady*) was the first to come in, from her own bedroom. She was so dreadfully alarmed and distressed, that she was quite useless. The Count Fosco, and his lady, who came up-stairs immediately afterwards, were both most serviceable and kind. Her ladyship assisted me to get Miss Halcombe to her bed. His lordship the Count, remained in the sitting-room, and, having sent for my medicine-chest, made a mixture for Miss Halcombe, and a cooling lotion to be applied to her head, so as to lose no time before the doctor came. We applied the lotion; but we could not get her to take the mixture. Sir Percival undertook to send for the doctor. He despatched a groom, on horseback, for the nearest medical man, Mr. Dawson, of Oak Lodge.

Mr. Dawson arrived in less than an hour's time. He was a respectable elderly man, well known, all round the country; and we were much alarmed when we found that he considered the case to be a very serious one. His lordship the Count, affably entered into conversation with Mr. Dawson, and gave his opinions with a judicious freedom. Mr. Dawson, not over-courteously, inquired if his lordship's advice was the advice of a doctor; and being informed that it was the advice of one who had studied medicine, unprofessionally, replied that he was not accustomed to consult with amateur-physicians. The Count, with truly Christian meekness of temper, smiled, and left the room. Before he went out, he told me that he might be found, in case he was wanted in the course of the day, at the boat-house on the banks of the lake. Why he should have gone there, I cannot say. But he did go; remaining away the whole day till seven o'clock, which was dinner-time. Perhaps, he wished to set the example of keeping the house as quiet as possible. It was entirely in his character to do so. He was a most considerate nobleman.

Miss Halcombe passed a very bad night; the fever coming and going, and getting worse towards the morning, instead of better. No nurse fit to wait on her being to be found in the neighbourhood, her ladyship the Countess, and myself, undertook the duty, relieving each other. Lady Glyde, most unwisely, insisted on sitting

up with us. She was much too nervous and too delicate in health to bear the anxiety of Miss Halcombe's illness calmly. She only did herself harm, without being of the least real assistance. A more gentle and affectionate lady never lived; but she cried, and she was frightened—two weaknesses which made her entirely unfit to be present in a sick-room.

Sir Percival and the Count came in the morning to make their inquiries. Sir Percival (from distress, I presume, at his lady's affliction, and at Miss Halcombe's illness) appeared much confused and unsettled in his mind. His lordship testified, on the contrary, a becoming composure and interest. He had his straw hat in one hand, and his book in the other; and he mentioned to Sir Percival, in my hearing, that he would go out again, and study at the lake. "Let us keep the house quiet," he said. "Let us not smoke in-doors, my friend, now Miss Halcombe is ill. You go your way, and I will go mine. When I study, I like to be alone. Good morning, Mrs. Michelson."

Sir Percival was not civil enough—perhaps, I ought, in justice to say, not composed enough—to take leave of me with the same polite attention. The only person in the house, indeed, who treated me, at that time or at any other, on the footing of a lady in distressed circumstances, was the Count. He had the manners of a true nobleman; he was considerate towards every one. Even the young person (Fanny, by name) who attended on Lady Glyde, was not beneath his notice. When she was sent away by Sir Percival, his lordship (showing me his sweet little birds at the time) was most kindly anxious to know what had become of her, where she was to go the day she left Blackwater Park, and so on. It is in such little delicate attentions that the advantages of aristocratic birth always show themselves. I make no apology for introducing these particulars; they are brought forward in justice to his lordship, whose character, I have reason to know, is viewed rather harshly in certain quarters. A nobleman who can respect a lady in distressed circumstances, and can take a fatherly interest in the fortunes of an humble servant girl, shows principles and feelings of too high an order to be lightly called in question. I advance no opinions—I offer facts only. My endeavour through life is to judge not, that I be not judged. One of my beloved husband's finest sermons was on that text. I read it constantly—in my own copy of the edition printed by subscription, in the first days of my widowhood—and, at every fresh perusal, I derive an increase of spiritual benefit and edification.

There was no improvement in Miss Halcombe; and the second night was even worse than the first. Mr. Dawson was constant in his attendance. The practical duties of nursing were still divided between the Countess and myself; Lady Glyde persisting in sitting up with us, though we both entreated her to take some rest. "My place is by Marian's bedside," was her only answer. "Whether I am ill, or well, nothing will induce me to lose sight of her."

Towards mid-day, I went down stairs to attend to some of my regular duties. An hour afterwards, on my way back to the sick-room, I saw the Count (who had gone out again early, for the third time), entering the hall, to all appearance in the highest good spirits. Sir Percival, at the same moment, put his head out of the library-door, and addressed his noble friend, with extreme eagerness, in these words:

"Have you found her?"

His lordship's large face became dimpled all over with placid smiles; but he made no reply in words. At the same time, Sir Percival turned his head, observed that I was approaching the stairs, and looked at me in the most rudely angry manner possible.

"Come in here and tell me about it," he said, to the Count. "Whenever there are women in a house, they're always sure to be going up or down stairs."

"My dear Percival," observed his lordship, kindly, "Mrs. Michelson has duties. Pray recognise her admirable performance of them as sincerely as I do! How is the sufferer, Mrs. Michelson?"

"No better, my lord, I regret to say."

"Sad—most sad!" remarked the Count. "You look fatigued, Mrs. Michelson. It is certainly time you and my wife had some help in nursing. I think I may be the means of offering you that help. Circumstances have happened which will oblige Madame Fosco to travel to London, either to-morrow or the day after. She will go away in the morning, and return at night; and she will bring back with her, to relieve you, a nurse of excellent conduct and capacity, who is now disengaged. The woman is known to my wife as a person to be trusted. Before she comes here, say nothing about her, if you please, to the doctor, because he will look with an evil eye on any nurse of my providing. When she appears in this house, she will speak for herself; and Mr. Dawson will be obliged to acknowledge that there is no excuse for not employing her. Lady Glyde will say the same. Pray present my best respects and sympathies to Lady Glyde."

I expressed my grateful acknowledgments for his lordship's kind considerations. Sir Percival cut them short by calling to his noble friend (using, I regret to say, a profane expression) to come into the library, and not to keep him waiting there any longer.

I proceeded upstairs. We are poor erring creatures; and however well established a woman's principles may be, she cannot always keep on her guard against the temptation to exercise an idle curiosity. I am ashamed to say that an idle curiosity, on this occasion, got the better of my principles, and made me unduly inquisitive about the question which Sir Percival had addressed to his noble friend, at the library door. Who was the Count expected to find, in the course of his studious morning rambles at Blackwater Park? A woman, it was to be presumed, from the terms of Sir Percival's inquiry. I did not suspect the Count of any impropriety—I

knew his moral character too well. The only question I asked myself was—Had he found her?

### VERY COMMON LAW.

It would be an inexcusable omission on our part were we to conclude our gossip on shopping law without alluding to sale in open market, or, as the books have it, "market overt."

Not quite so particular as our Saxon ancestors in this respect, who prohibited the sale of anything of greater value than twenty-pence unless in market overt, and, moreover, directed every bargain and sale to be contracted in the presence of credible witnesses, we still continue to assign certain privileges to this species of barter. As thus: If my goods are stolen and sold out of market overt, I may retake them wherever I may be fortunate enough to find them; but if they are sold *in* market overt, the purchaser may hold them in spite of me. Not but what the significance of the term, however, is somewhat larger in our day than it was in the days we speak of; for although in the country "market overt" still continues to bear the old interpretation, and signifies a sale upon a market day and in the market-place only, yet in London every day, except Sunday, is esteemed by the law to be a market day, and every shop (except a pawnbroker's) to be a market overt.

Pawnbrokers are treated to a special law of their own, and "the sale of any goods," our readers may be pleased to hear, "wrongfully taken to a pawnbroker's in London, or within two miles thereof, shall not alter the property, for this being generally a clandestine trade, is, therefore, made an exception to the general rule."

There is another exception, by the way, which may interest the horse-dealing fraternity, although disclosing that the law has occasionally treated them with a curious suspicion. So long ago as the reign of Philip and Mary the Legislature were compelled to interfere with the horse-dealers of the period, but, as we find from the preamble to a statute passed in the subsequent Parliament of Elizabeth, with but indifferent success. "Whereas," says that enactment (and our readers will please to observe how wonderfully perspicuous is the language of the act), "through most counties of this realm horse-stealing is grown so common, as neither in pastures or closes, nor hardly in stables, the same are to be in safety from stealing, which ensueth by the ready buying of the same by horse coursers and others in some open fairs or markets far distant from the owner, and with such speed as the owner cannot, by pursuit, possibly help the same, and sundry good ordinances have heretofore," &c. &c. &c. The effect of this act was—and its provisions continue in force to the present day—that "no purchaser should gain a good property in a stolen horse unless it had been bought in open market after having been exposed for one whole hour, between ten A.M. and sunset, in the public place used for such

sales, and not in any private yard or stable, and unless afterwards brought by the buyer and the seller to the bookkeeper of the fair and the toll paid, or, if there be no toll, the sum of one penny paid to that functionary, who should enter down the price, colour, and marks of such horse, with the name, additions, and abode of such buyer and seller, the latter being properly attested."

Not that a compliance with these formalities will be sufficient to establish an incontrovertible right to a stolen horse; for, if the true owner be fortunate enough to discover the animal within forty days, and prove to the satisfaction of a magistrate, by the oaths of two witnesses, that it is, in fact, his property, he can recover it by tendering to the purchaser such price as he *bonâ fide* paid for it in market overt.

Not entirely unconnected with his recently-acquired familiarity with "shopping," a strange suspicion has arisen (we are informed) in the mind of our illustrative Mr. Blank. Having already, as a dutiful reader of this periodical, discovered that the British merchant is not altogether to be trusted in the matter of quantity, he has been driven to the supposition that he is as little to be trusted when quality is in question.

"How is it," he inquires of us, "that I find my tradesmen compelled to be constantly proclaiming, in the very largest type, that they are—honest? Will nobody believe them unless they are incessantly reiterating this extraordinary assertion through the medium of an advertisement? It would not enhance the estimation in which you hold your personal friend, I suppose, if he were everlastingly informing you that he really was an honest fellow: and if not your friend, why your grocer?"

"What a terribly suggestive picture of commercial depravity," continues Mr. Blank, "does the advertisement sheet of the Times present to Mrs. Blank and myself every morning! Do we not there find the tea-dealer from whom we purchase the beverage with which our breakfast-table is supplied, informing the public, at a considerable expense, that he actually sells 'tea,' and not *sloe-leaves*, or other British produce? Do we not there discover our fish-sauce manufacturer imploring us to observe that the labels upon his precious bottles are signed so and so, coloured so and so, or illustrated in some outrageous fashion, because the whole world are in a conspiracy to defraud him, and 'none other are genuine' unless so distinguished? Do not one hundred thousand British shopkeepers peremptorily command us to 'beware of imitations,' and threaten the universe (every individual member of which is apparently bent upon imitating) with all the horrors of Chancery? Do we not discover, to our infinite perplexity, that four hundred individual tradesmen are each in the habit of preparing the only genuine Revalenta, and that as many more are the sole manufacturers of any earthly commodity you choose to name? Do the distinguished members of the medical profession whose names we

see attached to all manner of wonderful pills and nostrums, really and truly claim the honour of discovering these miraculous specifics? What portion of our daily supplement are we to believe, and what to look upon as the fungi of a commercially rotten system of trade?" Thus, Mr. Blank, with an excusable irritability: adding, "If there is such a natural predisposition in the commercial mind to act disingenuously—not to put too fine a point upon it—why cannot the law correct the failing?"

Of course we make it our business to vindicate this very common law from any laxity in the matter, although we may not be in a position to assert that it is sufficiently powerful to keep the British merchant always on the rails. "No man," says Lord Langdale—and we quote his words as a general exposition of the law, bearing on our portion at least of his question—"has a right to see his goods as the goods of another. You may express the same principle," he continues, "and say that no man has a right to dress himself in colours, or adopt and bear symbols to which he has no peculiar or exclusive right, and thereby personate another person for the purpose of inducing the public to suppose either that he is that other person, or that he is connected with, and selling the manufacture of, that other person, when he is in reality selling his own. It is perfectly manifest that to do these things is a fraud, and a very gross fraud." So far the law; but to claim its protection, we find it is necessary that the claimant petition with perfectly clean hands. As to how far the majority of advertisers are in this condition we leave our readers to judge. In the following cases we observe that the British merchant was not in an immaculate condition:

A London tradesman once upon a time furnished his customers with a black tea which he called "Howqua's Mixture." A rival tea-merchant, not to be outdone, immediately advertised a similar tea, and sold it in wrappers precisely similar to those used by tea-merchant number one.

On an application to the Court of Chancery by the original Howqua's Mixture dispenser, that ingenious gentleman stated that the tea was made by Howqua for his own use; that whilst in China he had frequently taken tea with Howqua, and under the influence of its soothing fragrance had extracted the secret of its manufacture from that too communicative Chinaman; that having brought a quantity of tea from China, he had subsequently succeeded in making Howqua's Mixture, and selling quantities of it.

So far, good; but it unfortunately appears that by his labels and advertisements this recipient of Chinese secrets had stated that the mixture was made by his friend Howqua in Canton, and imported into this country in the packages in which it was sold. Also, that it was very rare in China, and only grown in one province of the Celestial Empire called Kiang Nan.

Now, unfortunately for the cleanliness of the petitioner's hands, it turned out that Kiang Nan did not produce "black" tea at all, but only



"green," and consequently the court would not protect the friend of Howqua. "There has been," said Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, "such a degree of representation, which I take to be false, held out to the public about the mode of procuring and making up the plaintiff's mixture, that in my opinion a court of equity ought not to interfere to protect the plaintiff, until the plaintiff has established his title at law."

Let us take another case, in which the court looked with a like suspicion upon the hands of the suitor:

An individual, having invented a species of grease for the hair, sold it to a tradesman, whom we will call Figaro, and who, in turn, sold it to the public as "Figaro's Medicated Mexican Balm," adding the following eloquent, though purely imaginary, statement of its properties and origin:

"By special appointment. Medicated Mexican Balm, for restoring, nourishing, and beautifying the hair. It is a highly concentrated extract from vegetable balsamic productions of that highly interesting, but little known, country, Mexico, and possesses mild astringent properties, which give tone to weak and impoverished hair," &c. &c.; concluding with a statement that this admirable composition is made from an original recipe of the learned J. F. Von Blumenbach, and recently presented to the proprietor by a very near relation of that illustrious physiologist!

Another "Medicated Mexican Balm" having appeared in the London horizon, the friend of the near relation of the illustrious Blumenbach applied to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain his rival from selling it. The court, however, looking suspiciously at the petitioner's hands, recommended the matter to be tried by an action at law. The action never came off.

Let us not be understood to imply that the British merchant is always to be found in a chronic state of uncleanness, and thus unable to obtain the protection of her Majesty's High Court of Chancery. There are numberless instances in which the court has befriended him. Here is an example: An enterprising individual, named Day, having entered into partnership with a person who providentially bore the name of Martin, took advantage of this coincidence to commence a blacking manufactory at No. 90½, Holborn-hill. They advertised their blacking, in labels exactly similar to those used by the well-known firm of Day and Martin, and were doubtless prodigiously astonished when any deluded citizen applied to them under the supposition that he was getting his goods from the old-established house.

On an application to the Court of Chancery, however, from the original Day and Martin, an injunction was granted to restrain the new firm from selling "any composition or blacking described as purporting to be blacking manufactured by Day and Martin, in bottles having affixed thereto labels representing the blacking sold to be the same as that made by the original and well-known firm of that name." In coming

to this decision, Lord Langdale stated that "there was quite sufficient to mislead the ordinary run of persons, and induce them to go to the wrong shop."

It will be gathered from the words of Lord Langdale above quoted, that the coincidence of name alone did not influence the court in their decision, and the following case bears out the assumption:

Burgess père and Burgess fils once upon a time unhappily quarrelled, and the son commenced business in opposition to the father. Burgess père having gained some little notoriety as the manufacturer of "Burgess's Essence of Anchovies," the young man advertised to the public that he could furnish them with Burgess's Essence of Anchovies also, although the condiment was of his own manufacture. Burgess senior applied to the court for protection, but without avail: "All the Queen's subjects," said the Lord Justice Knight Bruce, in answer to the appeal of the indignant father, "have a right, if they will, to manufacture pickles and sauces, and not the less so that their father have done so before them. All the Queen's subjects," he continued, "have a right to sell them in their own name, and not the less so that they bear the same name as their father, and nothing else has been done in that which is the question before us."

The fact is, that before the court will interfere, the case of the petitioner must not only be free from suspicion, but there must appear an evident attempt to mislead the public. Now the ingenious individual in the following case *did* attempt to mislead the public, and the court put a stop to his "buses and proceedings accordingly."

The London Conveyance Company were in the habit of advertising that title upon their omnibuses. The person above referred to, who was also a 'bus proprietor, thought fit to adorn his 'buses with the following ambiguous inscription on the back: "London Conveyance" (an indisputable assertion); on the panels of the side, "Original Conveyance & Company." Through some typographical mismanagement of the painter, no doubt, the word "for" was scarcely discernible by the public. The court, as we have said, summarily ordered the 'buses off the road, or, at the least, requested that their panels should bear some less ambiguous legend.

So, again, in the following extract from the Reports, although there appeared no actual appropriation of name, the court were of opinion that the public were not fairly dealt with: A patent medicine having been sold as "Frank's Specific Solution," a rival trader advertised a similar medicine which he called "Chemical Solution." Not content with this, however, he attached to his advertisement a testimonial in favour of Frank's Specific Solution. The plan was highly ingenious, but did not meet with the approbation of the Master of the Rolls.

"If anybody," said that learned functionary, "critically reads the advertisement of the defendant" (this was the gentleman who sold the

"Chemical Solution"), "he will find that he does not in direct terms apply the encomiums given to the plaintiff's preparation to his own; he does not even say that the preparation he is selling is made by the plaintiff, and yet, for all that, nobody can look at all these things without observing that the name and the testimonials of the plaintiff are so craftily employed as to be well calculated to produce in the minds of ordinary readers the impression that the mixture or solution prepared and sold by the defendant is the same as that to which these testimonials are applicable, that is to say, the mixture or solution of the plaintiff."

While on the subject of medicine, we may possibly be able to throw a little light upon Mr. Blank's uncertainty of mind, as to whether the miraculous specifics which are offered to him as the discoveries of our most celebrated physicians are so in reality.

Sir James Clarke, the well-known physician, on one occasion complained to the Court of Chancery that a London chemist was selling pills which he called "Sir J. Clarke's Consumption Pills." Moreover, he informed the court that the chemist had attached the following audacious story in recommendation of his quackery:

"By Her Majesty the Queen's permission. Sir James Clarke's Consumption Pills. I am fully aware that, by introducing my cure for consumption as a patent medicine, it will create some astonishment in the minds of the profession, but it is only by having recourse to such means that the knowledge of the discovery can be disseminated amongst those unfortunate persons whom it has been my great aim to relieve."

It was evident, from the wording of this, that the unscrupulous chemist wished the public to suppose that Sir James Clarke was addressing them, and that the chemist was, upon the whole, perpetrating as cool and impudent a fraud as his perverted ingenuity could suggest. For all this, however, Sir James Clarke could not obtain the injunction for which he prayed, the court informing him that his proper remedy was an action for *libel*. They came to this decision, we believe, with some reluctance, but there was no other alternative. It was to no purpose that the counsel employed by Sir James, directed the attention of the judges to a case tried before Lord Eldon, in which Lord Byron had succeeded in restraining a publisher from publishing as his, a poem which he had not written. "If Sir James Clarke had been in the habit of making pills as Lord Byron was in the habit of making poems," said Lord Langdale, "the case might have been different."

A few other points connected with this subject may be worthy of notice. We have said, that before the Court of Chancery will interfere to protect a tradesman, there must have been an evident attempt to mislead the public. Now, this does not refer to the commercial, but to the ordinary public. "The way in which the court deals with these cases," said the Master of the Rolls (Romilly), "is not to see whether the manufacturers themselves should distinguish the goods sold, but whe-

ther the public, who may be easily misled, would be deceived." The case to which he was more immediately referring, was that in which a needle manufacturer, who was in the habit of labelling his goods as warranted and made solely by Shrimpton and Hooper, complained of a rival tradesman for advertising his needles in wrappers of the same colour, &c., and bearing the inscription, "Invented and sold by Shrimpton Turvey."

A needle manufacturer might not possibly have been deceived by this inscription; but the chances are, that Mrs. Blank would have been woefully taken in.

The chances are, indeed, that Mrs. Blank may be very frequently misled in her shopping experience. In presenting Mr. Blank, for instance, with a "registered paletot," she may very readily suppose that she is furnishing him with "Nicoll's registered llama-cloth paletot," but the two things are made by different makers, nor can the law prevent either from advertising his garment as "the registered paletot."

We will not weary our readers with these unpleasant examples of commercial laxity. Unhappily, we could multiply the instances ad infinitum, but instances enough, we hope, have been referred to, to disclose the existing state of the law on the subject. Moreover, before the present session of Parliament is brought to a close, a change in this phase of our criminal law is probable.

So long, however, as we find merchants of respectability attaching labels to their goods which attempt a fraud upon the public; so long as we find publishers resorting to such wretched expedients as the publication of self-styled "sequels" to popular books; we can scarcely wonder at the advertising jugglery of the more humble shopkeeper.

#### TURKISH STREET FOUNTAINS.

THERE were many projects afoot one morning at Misseri's breakfast-table. Some were going up the Genoese round tower at Galata, for the sake of the grand view of all the blue breadth of the Bosphorus; others, were bound to climb the great fire tower over in Stamboul, to sketch the long broken chains of aqueducts built by some forgotten purple-wearer; some, were for boating, to the castles of Europe and Asia, intending to see Barbarossa the pirate's tomb, and Godfrey de Bouillon's plane-tree, besides a score or two of the Sultan's tinsel Italian palaces; one or two were off for the ruined Greek palace of the Blachernæ; and others were going to take horse and traverse the whole length of the triple ramparts, which always seemed to me to resemble a collection of all the old invalid English fortresses, drawn up to be reviewed by old Time himself; half a dozen were for shady seclusion in the bazaars. But Rocket and the present inditer were bent on making a tour of the beautiful Turkish street fountains.

Breakfast was over, the fish had succeeded the cutlets, eggs the fish, grapes the eggs,

figs the grapes, peaches the figs; honey from Mount Hymettus, golden brown and aromatic, had sweetened the bread, and fountain water, clear and silvery, had cooled the coffee; and being now in good training for our usual liver complaint, we left the waiters covering the table with a green gauze tent, to keep off the analytical flies, and went to prepare for our long ramble—present writer, with Leghorn hat and green umbrella, shield against the sunbeams' golden arrows, which seemed to consider my head in the light of a bull's-eye; Rocket, in an eccentric costume of filmy white, white wide-awake, and with a short crooked bamboo under his arm, intended to intimidate Jew touters and repulse street dogs.

We were just emerging from Misseri's door, where the gilt horseshoe is nailed for luck, and we were looking at the axes of the firemen hanging up in the little wooden shed of a guard-house opposite the hotel, when a sudden roar of voices, and the trample of feet round the corner of the street, arrested us. Round the corner came a tearing, howling mob of some two dozen half-naked Turks and Greeks, running at a pas de charge, and carrying on their shoulders a something which I at first thought was a large musical-box, then a coal-scuttle, then a banker's brass safe, and lastly, what it really was—a small fire-engine, almost the only one, I believe, in this great city, where fires are perpetual, and more destructive than in any other part of the world, the houses being all built of lath wood scarcely thicker than the sides of a cigar-box, and the unceasing heat of the sun, leaving an after glow that almost warms the moonshine, and makes them dry and combustible. It is not an unusual thing, indeed, for a thousand persons to be rendered houseless by one night's fire. Even now, as I look out beyond the arsenal towards the Sweet Waters of Europe, on the sloping hills that run down to the Golden Horn, I see in a churchyard hillocky with tombstones a whole townful of burnt-out Jews, squatting, half-starved, tearful, broken-hearted, and penniless, under their squalid white tents. King Fire is the only reformer, sanitary commissioner or improver, that exists in Turkey. There are no iron plates with "F. P. 25 ft." visible in Turkish streets, no fire insurance-offices, "Hand-in-hands" or gilt Suns here, no men with axes in their belts, looking out into night skies to see if the black turns red, nothing but a miserable garden squirt, and a bawling senseless bare-legged mob, who go and see that the houses burn down fairly, or occasionally stop the flames by pulling down one or two of the mountain cigar-boxes in which the Greeks and Jews huddle together. The philosophical comment of Rocket at this sight, is worthy of the gallant young diplomat. He says, "The Turks are queer buffers."

A moment at the Bank, where I observe a sheaf of cricket-bats in the corner; a look in at the tournebroke of the English post-office, where a yawning, grumbling English clerk looks languidly over the letters, and damns the Turks; and we are at the bridge of boats,

where four or five of the steamers that ply up and down the Bosphorus are lying, some of them crowded with ghostly veiled Turkish women. Before us, on the Stamboul side, are flocks of vessels, with a netted mass of spars and ropes, and here and there a flag, flowering the dark wood with colour, like the pink blossoms on the still leafless branches of the Judas-trees in the Seraglio gardens. I see miles of square windows, which glitter gold in the morning sun, to the special wonder of many a peasant, to whom the countless windows of Stamboul are said to be a special and almost a proverbial object of wonder; houses, painted red and yellow; red-striped mosques, grey domes, and everywhere against the sky-line the sharp sentinel lances of the minarets, each one, at the prayer hour, gifted with a voice, as of a warning prophet or watchful angel; everywhere among the houses, cypresses and vines, and on the suburban flat-topped chimneys, bushy stork nests.

We come to our first fountain, but before we can well walk round it, our attention is caught by two specially Oriental trades, which, close by the fountain, are being carried on with great vigour, and apparent success: the one, is that of a sherbet-seller; the other, that of a public letter-writer. The soojee, or sherbet-seller, is sheltered by a huge green umbrella which rises like a tent above his earthen bowls of bruised cherries and purple weltering currants, above his yellow-rinded lemons, his water bottles, his porous half thawed ice, his funnels and tumblers. The coarse vandyked edge of this rude canopy, springing from its mushroom stem of a pole, is presided over by a pendulous-nosed Armenian, with a blue and yellow rag bandaging round his sallow face; the man has bare arms, brown slop breeches, and a tight-fitting white jacket. The odd man, or porter, of some great house, is resting his globular water-vessel full of fountain water, while he drinks some iced lemonade. The only ornament about the dealer's stall is a sort of inner tinselled raised roof, still further to shield the ice and currant-juice from the vertical sun. A second customer, dressed in yellow and blue, and with a white turban, stands with his back to me, sipping something. The servant has tight gaiters reaching from his knee to his ankle, and his bare feet are thrust in coarse red slippers with heavy soles. In both cases the baggy Zouave breeches swag half down the calf. The sleeves of the first man are pink, his turban is green, his breeches are blue, and his sleeveless jacket is brown. As for the proprietor of the stall, he is calmly indifferent to trade, and sits on his low stool gravely, as if entertaining his friends, and rather conferring an obligation on his customers.

Not far off, under a stuccoed wall pierced by ponderously barred gratings, sits the sagacious letter-writer, with a gossip on one side of him, and a customer on the other; three pair of huge red slippers, like crab-shells, are lying before them. The writer sits cross-legged on a thin plank platform, held up from the ground by three transverse beams, and spread with a dry hide of red and brown striped carpet, which gives it



a domestic look, though it is in the full open streets.

The correspondent is very anxious, the writer very grave and consequential, the gossip very deferential and attentive. Before the writer are a small box of paper, reed-pens, pen-cases, inks, and seals; his chibouk has gone out, neglected in the hurry of business. The three men represent three types of Turks; the one, a bigoted, dull, day-dreamer; the letter-sender, a mean, puzzled, opium-eating knave; the centre man, a full-brained, but sorrowful, simple-hearted, honest Mussulman. He looks quite the pasha with his yellow turban, red fez, light-coloured robe, and blue-striped inner dress; the gossip, with broad red sash and purple robe, is the thorough old Turk; the correspondent is a feeble, miserable mixture of European and Asiatic dress—flapping, buttonless waistcoat, and trousers of dirty grey plaid silk. What it was that wise Abdallah wrote—whether news of hope or sorrow, of birth or death, of joy or grief—I shall never know; it has gone, like the great river of events that flows by daily. Be sure, however, that if of joy or grief, it ended with some pious ejaculation, as, "It is ordained," or, "It is decreed by Allah."

But let us get at once to our fountain. It is not such a mean little sink, guarded by sticks of black sealing-wax, as charity has provided for us in London streets; no, it is a complete institution—a sort of water-temple. It is like the gated entrance to an Eastern palace.

This fountain, too, is a memorable fountain; not that it is the one from which Sultan Mahmoud used to send his slaves with silver vessels to fetch water, which vessels, when filled, were immediately sealed with the royal seal; it is memorable, because of its situation. Do you see that tall, narrow archway, with the inner doorway below leading into a court-yard, with the gilt sun and royal cypher above it, and the striped red and white sentry-boxes on either side? That is the Imperial Gate of the Seraglio—the Sublime Porte—from which we derive our silly name for the Turkish government. That gate has let in and out, more villains, murderers, thieves, and horrid rascals, than any gate in the world. Near it are still shown the niches where old Ali Pasha's head, and those of his family, were put for show when brought from Albania. Those plain, square, grated windows above, are the windows of private apartments. That gate leads to the Downing-street of Constantinople. There, are all the public offices, with long matted passages filled with suitors, smoking and waiting great men's pleasures.

Now, these fountains arose either from royal magnificence (how easy it is to be generous with other people's money!), or from the bequests of charitable people: dying Turks not unfrequently leaving enormous legacies, not only to build, but also to maintain fountains. Sometimes they are square, isolated buildings standing by the river-side, or usefully in the centre of some market-place: never, however, for

mere ornament or display. Generally, as in this instance, they project in a sort of bow, or apse, from the wall; sometimes, in the humbler instances, mere brass taps project from a sort of ornamental altar-piece flush with the wall. They are never quite alike, but these features all of the larger ones have in common:—an overlapping roof of extreme breadth, so as to cast the greatest possible amount of shadow; much inscription and cursive and undulating floral ornament, either painted or carved in marble; a terrace with steps round its base and tall gratings, round the lower openings of which, are chained small brass vessels to drink out of. No wonder that as people come here to bathe in shadow, and to drink the liquid coolness fresh from the well that guards it, as the melon does its inner juice, the fountain becomes, almost from necessity, a special lounge for everybody but the women. Hither come the roast chestnuts and the green peaches, the figs and the pickled cucumbers, the sherbet and the lemonade, the horse-boys and the beggars, the fakir and the guitar player, the street boy and the wild dog; here, the porter rests his luggage mountains, and the araba man looks for custom.

The inscriptions, inserted in gilt sickle-blade letters in oblong panels in front of the buildings and above their external tanks, run generally somewhat in this way:

"Rest, O traveller, for this is the fountain of enjoyment; rest here, as under the shadow of the plane-tree, for this roof casts a shade as deep as that of the cypress, but with more of joy. Ask one day of the angels in Eden if this water is not as delicious as the rivers of that garden, or as the stream of Zemzem. Sultan Achmed, the second Alexander, he whose glory is as the sun, and his generosity perpetually increasing, like the tree of life, has reared this kiosk and stamped it with his signet ring. This water flows unceasingly, like his benevolence, as well for the king as the beggar, the wise man and the fool. The first of all the blessings of Allah is water."

As these poems in blue and gold, sometimes run to whole yards of verse, let this specimen suffice. To those thirsty people who can read the fish-hook and serrated Turkish characters, these fountains are perpetually chanting poems.

The iron gratings that shut in the fountain rooms are always specially beautiful, and generally of a pattern devised on purpose for the building. They are fine as jeweller's work, and full of the most cunning harmony of flowing lines, trefoiled and heart-shaped, and blossoming into a thousand shapes of ingenuity and fairy-like art. The shafts between the gratings are marble, and, waist high, comes the lower wall, on the top of which rest the brass chatties.

Most of these fountains have a guardian who lives within, at least by day, and who sees that nothing is injured or defaced. There, this venerable Dryad hears the water rinse and trickle, as he reads his Koran, and dreams about Paradise, and the future rewards of the charitable, such as he who endwed the fountain.

In all these fountains the broad shadow from the roof, however vertical the sun may be, generally covers half the wall under it with a deep shade that no heat can pierce: the great lapping sheet of grey lead above, receiving all the gliding rain of fire, and bearing it with a stupid patience worthy of that dull metal. It is, therefore, lower down in the marble panel above the fountain grating, and in the sections of surface over the arch where the tank is, and under the dedicatory inscription, that you must look for the beautiful ornament that filigrees the whole surface with honeysuckle wreaths, trails of wild vines, rose branches, and tendrils of jasmine and pomegranates, in the purest Persian taste: never deep-cut, or shadow-producing, or mysterious, like Gothic work: never quaint or massy: but floral, playful, cheerful, and full of a sense of unceasing sunshine and a deep enjoyment of life. Human figures the Koran forbids, so, as the Turks have no painters, they have no sculptors, and their ornaments are pots of roses, lilies, bunches of grapes, dishes of pears, and all sorts of fanciful conventionalisms, blue and gilt if the building is stone, but nearly plain if it be coated with marble. Then, there are fan-like ornaments that look like peacocks' tails, pierced bosses punctured as if with needles so fine is the work, delicious wildernesses of arabesque, covering every inch of marble with a thicket trellis-work of leafy stem, the product of skilful eyes and hands now resting under the tall trees of darkness in the great cemetery of Scutari.

Here you see in these panels of the fountain walls, an epitome of all the Oriental mind has produced in art, whether Turkish, Moorish, or Arab. Here, are thoughts from Persepolis and the Alhambra, Ispahan and Delhi, worked with the rarest care in honeycomb niche, and rounded boss and border. There is not a street in Stamboul but you find one of these fountains; perhaps new, and surrounded by its votaries, porters, and water-carriers, drinking or resting; perhaps defaced and disused, the marble tank full of dust and melon rind: its poems with the gilding faded off, the water dried up, and the name of the Turk who erected it, forgotten. They are of all ages, from those raised by men who stormed in at the gate when the last Constantine fell, to that of the pasha who died but yesterday. They are in all places: in the court-yards of mosques, by the water's edge, in the open places where boatmen and horse-boys congregate, by the bazaar's dark entrances, by the khans where laden pack-horses go in and out all day, beyond the city walls, where the country opens into gardens and broad sandy tracts, or where the split figs, looking like red flowers, hang over the wall, and the water-melon-sellers lie and sleep, dreaming of customers.

The fountain in the mosque of the Sultan Mahmoud at Tophana, is a kind of conical tent-cover, crowned with a gilt star, and supported by slender pillars, within which is a font-like well, caged over with wire. Here, on the low

stone seats, you always see some red-sashed Greek servant in a white jacket, watching the water filling his copper vessel. The brim of the roof of this fountain is remarkable for being painted with a rude landscape that runs all round. Just outside the red-striped walls of St. Sophia, there is one with a broad Tartar roof, near which you always find some sherbet-seller, resting his wickered bottles, or some bare-armed hammals (porters) squatting, while they smoke their chibouks, under the stump of a mulberry-tree, and just under the port-holes of the mighty dome itself. In the Sultan Achmet mosque-yard, is one specially effective and simple, with little ornament but a pierced lattice above the water-cups, with inscriptions and tracery half hidden by the shade of a mountainous plane-tree. Ten to one but you will find something worth looking at in the fountain shadow: either some laughing negresses nursing children, some old white-turbaned Turk, resting his head on his hand, and thinking of past times with a lazy dreaminess unknown to the people of almost any other nation: always at the grating of iron flower-stalks some Greek talking through the bars to the fountain-keeper, whose face you can scarcely see in the dim inner coolness of the fountain chamber.

In the court-yard, by some mosque, the tent-like roof of the fountain, high and peaked, often rises to a level with the cloister arches, and the low domes that cover the arcading that runs round each side of the quadrangle; and it is spotted and trellised with leaf shadows from a vine that, linking together a plane and a cypress—gloomy husband and playful wife—throw a green darkness all round the fountain-cage, where the white turbans sit, and mildly, blandly, gossip after their manner.

Then there is the modernised fountain, as at Tophana, where the domes have been removed and a vulgar compo parapet and cast-iron railing substituted, and where the inscriptions stand out black against very white walls: the whole building being surrounded by heavy stone posts and loops of iron chains. But azure, and gilding, and bran-new marble do not make up for beauty of form, and I never gave my affection to these new tinselled beauties, but kept my love for that exquisite fountain of old Sultan Achmet, with its strong pillars and beautiful pierced marble screen: admiring it so much that I was ready to chase away the dull-eyed vendor of almond-cake who always kept his stall close to this masterpiece of Turkish art.

Two things are always seen about a Turkish fountain: the first, pigeons; the second, street boys. Always pigeons on the lead roof, cooing, spreading their purple necks to the light, fondling, pecking, or fluttering; always street boys, watchful and mischievous, who sit in the niches, with their dirty backs against the gilding and carving, idle, and (because idle) happy. Over them lies the broad shadow, and they lie under it as in a shady wood, defying the heat which makes the paving-stones

just beyond the shadow, all but red-hot. They think nothing of the dead men's charity or of the carving fine as needlework; but they munch their chesnuts and are happy. Often, too, a boatman's oars and a hammal's elastic pole rest up against the carved brackets, while the owners snatch a nap under the grateful shadow, having first drunk of the fountain. Hundreds of times in the day, those brass cups, all in a row under the stanchioned grating, are filled and emptied.

There is something humane and poetical in the perpetual enforcement of charity that you receive in a Turkish street: there are the scavenger dogs, waiters on Providence, which abound in every street, who, though a good deal drubbed and bruised, are still partly maintained by the kindness of old Turks, who feed certain of them daily. Then there are the countless clouds of pigeons, harboured on the mosque domes, and guarded with as much care as if they were young angels. To crown the whole, these innumerable fountains, of all sizes, from that at the Seraglio gate with its square bulk and circular towers at the angles, to the mere boarded-over arch, tap, and tank.

Having sketched the long, square, pagoda-roofed street fountain, and the latticed-in fountain of the mosque-yard, I must describe a beautiful variation from these; and that is the rural fountain, such as I have seen in villages on the Bosphorus, and never can forget. It seems but yesterday that my boatman followed me from the boat, and rested his oars against one of its recesses. It was a tall, square, little kiosk, overlooking the waters: its central crescented dome surrounded by four lesser domes. The under part of its broad roof was striped with shadowy patterns, and below this, in panels, ran the inscriptions of the founder. The ornaments were simple and shell-like. To the fluted basin that received the water, you ascended by four steps, as to an altar. It always seemed to me like a little chapel raised to some water spirit, some Turkish Undine, and I felt grateful in that burning climate to the dead man who had reared this evidence of his sympathy with those whom he had left behind, to toil out their time.

As an European, accustomed to the romance of old palaces and manor-houses, I had attached a far different poetry to the fountain. I had thought of it as the silver column melting into silver rain; as the bright arrow shot heavenward, ever sinking ever to rise again in impotent effort. I had seen it sprinkling English cims and scattering its lavish pearl over English flower-beds, but here I found a new poetry attaching to it.

Water was here no longer a juggling Undine, a tricky water-goblin, tossing silver into the air for mere unmeaning amusement; here I saw it, a gracious angel of blessing, from whose hands, day and night, poured blessings to all, rich and poor, to the weary porter resting his burden, to the rich pasha strolling out for a moment's air between the dreary pauses of a levee. Here it was God's archangel tempering the horrors of

thirst, and wandering in the streets to comfort the afflicted.

Always under the never-refused shelter of the fountain, I found the poor Circassian exiles, starving and fevered, huddled up in their white woolly cloaks, grateful for the friendly shadow. There, the tired vendor came to rest his heavy wattled baskets of green peaches; there, the burnt-up beggar, to con his prayers and rattle his alms-dish; there, the lounging soldier, weary of idleness, to chat with his gossip the water-carrier about "those barbarians the Inglis, whom the Sultan had hired to punish the Muscovites for refusing to pay him tribute;" there, the Arabian story is told, though not by the professional story-teller, for the trade is now extinct; there, the opium-eater dozes, or, if he wakes, stares at you as if you were less substantial and real than the creatures of his last dream; there, though opium-eating is now unusual, and the clusters of opium-shops no longer exist outside the Sulieman mosque, I have seen the miserable narcotist lying staring at nothing, fixedly, with vacant and glistening eyes.

Near these fountains, only a few years ago, reckless public executions sometimes took place, when, after a secret trial and confession—forced, perhaps, by torture—the wretch was led out suddenly, and hung at the first convenient house he came to. Was it not Windybank who saw the Greek tailor who had been detected in an intrigue with the Turkish lady lying near the Fish-market fountain, with his head placed neatly between his knees? It was near a fountain that Dr. Legoff saw a pirate and murderer hung at a fruit-shop door. The soldiers leading the man, said Windybank, suddenly stopped, knocked a nail into the wall of a fruit-shop, tarred the boards where the body was to rest, slipped a rope round the pale wretch's neck, placed him on a hencoop, drew the rope three or four times round the nail, kicked away the hencoop, and left him hanging. That was some years ago, and the tag of rope still remains suspended to the nail, as it probably will do, in that conservative city, until sun and rain rot it off. Lately, the Turks have almost abolished capital punishment, and the greatest villains on earth are given back to the world.

And in thinking of fountains, the gentleman who on a fine day feels it so hot in Regent-street, London, or on the Italian Boulevard at Paris, that he must really, perforce, go in for a strawberry ice, must remember that it is not to relieve such trivial thirst that Eastern fountains were erected. It was not for slight, damp warmth, languor, and dry mouth, that the Turks have spent millions in public fountains. It was for a heat that dries up all saliva, that inflames the mouth and blackens the lips, that dims the eyes and makes the head giddy, and the whole man faint and sick; that becomes, if not relieved incessantly, an intolerable torture.

In that toilsome city, indeed, all up hill, whose streets are paved with loose boulders, walking at noonday is a work of the greatest fa-



tigue and of the most painful exertion. Every moment the stranger betakes himself to peaches, grapes, or figs, of which he keeps a pocketful: and, when these are gone, to sherbet, lemonade, or some sort of fruit broth. Imagine, then, what life-blood the poor penniless vagabond draws from the street fountain.

#### SNOW.

LAST night the snow was falling,  
It fell throughout the night,  
I woke this morning, mother,  
And saw the ground was white.  
White were the peaceful meadows,  
And white the tall, dark pines;  
And white was yonder mountain,  
On which the sun first shines.  
And in our own dear valley  
The snow was lying deep;  
And in the quiet churchyard  
Where my little sisters sleep.  
And o'er their little tombstones  
The snow-flakes form'd a wreath;  
But nought are flowers or snow-flakes  
To those who sleep beneath.  
We deck'd the graves last summer  
With many a primrose gem;  
But whether flowers or snow-flakes  
It matters not to them.  
But, oh! the snow is lovely,  
So beautiful and bright;  
Pure as the little spirits  
Who wear their robes as white.  
But in our valley, mother,  
The footsteps come and go;  
And then how soon they sully  
The pure new-fallen snow.  
The trace of earth is on it,  
On earth all soiled it lies,  
How soon it lost the beauty  
It brought from yonder skies.  
My child, on yonder mountain  
The snow lies pure and high;  
No foot of man invades it,  
It is so near the sky.  
It sinks not to the valley,  
Where earth's dark traces are,  
And nought can soil its whiteness:  
'Twas kept from falling far.  
Wouldst thou be pure and holy,  
Remember, O my child!  
That an earth-seeking nature  
Must be by earth defiled.  
Then let thy childish spirit  
Stoop not to things below;  
Live in the light of Heaven,  
Like yon pure mountain snow.

#### THE MULE-MAKER.

TOWARDS the close of the last century, in an old Elizabethan house near to the rough manufacturing town of Bolton, lived one Betty Holt, widow of George Crompton, farmer and weaver; one of those farmers who, as the saying went, "paid their rent through the eye of the shuttle," and helped out cow-keeping and egg-hatching by the spindle and the loom. Betty Holt was a character: a stern, rigid, upright dame, pas-

sionate and violent, but not without a rude kind of Spartan tenderness lying underneath her fierceness, which redeemed it from absolute brutality; inexorable, self-willed, with strong Puritan leanings, yet, with true Puritan logic, a pope to herself, consecrated infallible by her own grace. She cuffed and thrashed, and maybe sore at her son Samuel with tremendous zeal and energy; but she loved him, nevertheless, as a she-bear loves its young, or a tiger-cat, or a rhinoceros, which yet are not exactly types of maternal tenderness. Betty Holt was clever as well as strong-willed, and in her way even a celebrity. She was famous for her elderberry wine, and her butter got the topmost price of the market; she kept bees and made a good thing of their honey; she was parish overseer for one while; and, not content with her own industry and bustling habits, she set her children to earn their bread betimes, and tied them down to the loom so soon as their little legs were long enough to work the treddles. No idleness was allowed in her house; no unthrift, no useless dawdlings, no new-fangled ways, nor even learning that had not its pound and pence value: not an hour spent for pleasures that had not been fairly earned by labour—not an inch of ground left for flowers that were not planted at the roots of potteries. Work, thrift, a rigid order of morality, and the gloomy pietism of the Puritan school reigned over her and hers; and what amusements or dissipation the children got were got by force of youth and nature, for Betty Holt gave none of her own making, nor thought it needful that any should be had. Add to this hard-handed discipline the saddening presence of "Uncle Alexander," lame and as ascetic as the rest of them, and we can understand in what an unnatural, stifling, narrow atmosphere young Samuel Crompton lived. He bore the marks of that suppressed early training of his to his last day, in the shyness, want of facility, and savage pride, which rendered all his talent unavailing and his life a miserable failure for himself. Had Betty Holt of Turton been an easier-natured woman, and had she not thought it the best manner of education to set her children on stepping-stones far apart from their kind, in all probability Samuel Crompton would have been a successful man. As it was, he was only a successful inventor; which is by no means the same thing.

One little trait of Uncle Alexander, and then I dismiss him for ever to the oblivion of the past. Sick and crippled, he could not stir out from the house, nor make more exertion than the one step which was necessary to carry him from his bed to his loom; but he observed the Sabbath and attended church in his own way. So soon as the bells began to ring, Uncle Alexander took off his week-day working coat, and put on his Sunday's best, then slowly read the church service to himself, and maybe thought out his own sermon as well as spelled out one of a favourite divine. When the "ringing out" bells told that all was over, and that the congregation was streaming homewards to their potato-

pots and Irish stews, Uncle Alexander took off his Sunday's best and put on his week-day coat again; and then his church Sabbath was at an end. There was something very special and characteristic in the whole proceeding: a bit of broadcloth fetishism rich in all the elements of British respectability.

Young Samuel had one pleasure, besides that of reading, which was always a favourite exercise of his: he had his violin; and many a dreary hour he charmed away by scraping unmelodious sounds from that tortured catgut, many an angry scold of his fierce old mother he forgot in the dismal wailings of what passed with him for music. But even this harmless dissipation grim Mistress Betty clutched and girded at, only suffering it at all—and then grudgingly—when he had given in his appointed stint of work, and made his daily tale of bricks without a flaw. But his bricks were hard to make, and for the most part had to be squared, and pressed, and baked without sufficient straw; for this spinning was weary work, the yarn being very bad and the piecing of broken ends a never-ending labour.

It was about this time that the natural balance between spinning and weaving was so much disturbed. John Kay, of Bury, had just invented the fly-shuttle, which enabled the weaver to get through as much work again as before; and he had been mobbed and nearly killed for his pains. He escaped, wrapped up in a sheet of cotton wool, and was thus carried bodily through the mob by two of his friends who did not think that an invention which doubled work and production merited Lynch-law condemnation. Poor Kay, after some more vicissitudes, went to Paris, where he lived in great poverty and distress, and where he finally died in very painful circumstances. Robert Kay, his son, in his turn invented the drop-box, by means of which three spindles of different coloured wefts could be used successively without the trouble of replacing them on the lathe; and thus weaving got another step forward. Robert was not more popular than his father. He was mobbed and insulted, his machines broken to pieces, and himself dangerously threatened: for was he not the natural enemy of the workmen, and was it not worth a good day's work at any time to harry and annoy one who had presumed to invent anything that should lighten labour and increase trade? By these inventions, then, weaving had got the start of spinning, and there was not enough weft to be had for the loom. The weavers lost half their time in collecting their yarn ounce by ounce from the cottages; and even then they had to bribe the spinsters with all sorts of fair words and fine promises, before they could get enough of it to be of any use. Thus the barragons and fustians, herringbones, thicksets, quiltings, and cross-overs, dimities and velveteens, for which Bolton was famous, and the checks and greys dear to the soul of Blackburn, were in an anomalous position; contravening the first principle of political economy which asserts that the demand creates the supply—that manufacture ensures material. And thus weaving hands

were idle, and never knew their full tale of work; and great hulking fellows were to be seen everywhere lounging against the sunny south walls about Bolton, talking a language which no one but themselves could understand, or joking roughly with the spinners as they came into market with their bags and bales of coveted yarn. That market indeed was an extraordinary place, for the goods were mostly pitched into the middle of the streets, though there were halls, and warehouses, and places proper for civilised traffic. But Bolton preferred the great "moothall" common to all, and never cared to transact its business under any other cover but the sky or a public-house parlour. The "Bolton chaps," as they are called to this day, were always a queer, rough, unconventional set, and in Samuel Crompton's time were even rougher than at present.

To help remedy this disturbed balance, Hargreaves then made his spinning-jenny, which substituted eight spindles for one; afterwards the eight spindles were raised to eighty; when the sapient spinners took the alarm, and after great rioting and bitter wrong-doing, drove Hargreaves, broken-hearted, to Nottingham. There he died in want and distress, having first given up his jenny to the Struts, who made a practical thing of it, and made their own fortunes at the same time. But the spinning-jenny, though thoroughly successful in its way, did not do everything; it did not make a thread strong enough for the warp, but only spun out additional weft; whereupon Richard Arkwright, a barber at Bolton, great in the secret of a certain hair-dye, great, too, in his power of wheedling young women out of their long back hair, turned his attention to mechanics and the spinning-jenny, and invented a spinning-frame, which drew the cotton from a coarser to a finer and hard-twisted thread, and so rendered it fit for warp as well as weft. But something even yet remained. The thread broke eternally; there was nothing but piecing together the flying ends, and the work was for ever stopping that the mending might be done. Also, no machine yet made spun *fine* threads; and the weavers were beginning to wish they could rival the fine India muslins which came over sparsely enough, but which commanded such fabulous prices, and were so eagerly caught up when they did come. A machine, then, that could keep the thread from breaking, and that could deliver a fine muslin thread, was now the great thing to be next accomplished.

When Samuel Crompton was sixteen, he spun on a jenny of eight spindles, and broke his heart over the perpetual piecing of the broken ends. They took up all his time, and stopped his fiddle-playing for many a bitter evening. When he was twenty-one, he began to think, says Mr. French. His brain turned on improved spinning machinery, and how he could make his yarn go without this eternal breaking. And he spent precious hours, and as Betty thought, more precious money, in trying experiments of all kinds, and at all times. The neighbours saw

lights in the old hall at dead of night, and unusual sounds were heard, and unusual things done; and soon Samuel got the reputation of being a "conjurer"—an inventor, according to Bolton phraseology. All his money now went in his experiments. He was for ever getting the wayside blacksmith "to file his bits of things," and the joiner to make him odd-looking wheels and rollers; and then, to supply the drain perpetually going on, he hired out himself and his violin to the orchestra at Bolton theatre, and got eighteenthpence a night for his "fiddle and his bow." This sum, though small, helped him wonderfully; it enabled him to carry on the war with poverty, want of knowledge, repetition of what had been already done, and all the other enemies of an ignorant and solitary worker; and after five years' toil and thought and love he perfected his rude machine, called then "Hall-i'-th'-Wood Wheels," or "Muslin Wheel." Thus, his great aim, the discovery of a machine which would enable him to spin fine yarn fit for the muslin used for ladies' dresses, he finally accomplished without help or aid of any kind.

Crompton's fine yarn soon attracted attention. How did he do it? What was his secret? Neither Hargreave's spinning-jenny nor Arkwright's water-frame could produce such yarn as this young man gave up, week after week, from the Old Hall in the Wood; and public curiosity, mingled with something of public indignation, waxed high and raged severely. The hall was besieged. Some brought ladders and climbed up to the window of the room where Samuel worked; others offered bribes; one, more persevering than the rest, concealed himself in the loft, and watched the "conjurer" at work through a gimlet-hole bored in the ceiling; Arkwright travelled sixty miles to see the new muslin wheel; and Peel, the father of the great Sir Robert, came with an offer to take Crompton into partnership; or—according to Mr. French—with the intention of getting the secret underhand and for nothing. The inventor was plagued to death; and, being a shy man, a moody man, and a mistrustful man, heartily wished that his persecutors would break their necks some of these fine days, when they swarmed too thickly upon him. His muslin wheel was destined to bring him only disappointment and annoyance; and whether he kept the secret or displayed it, he was equally sure to be troubled and mishandled. He had no means of buying a patent; so, after a time, determined to give up his invention to the public, on condition of receiving a miserable sum of sixty pounds, which was subscribed by most of the leading manufacturers of the district. But the worst part of the story is, that many of those who had set their names down for certain sums, refused to pay them when required, even threatening Samuel grossly, and accusing him of imposture when he called upon them for their guineas. It was this last piece of treachery which put the finishing stroke to the morbid pride and suspicion of Crompton's character. Henceforth he and the world were Ishmaelites, face to face.

As Crompton's muslin-wheel came more into notice and repute, it changed its name and took that of the Mule; being a kind of hybrid between Hargreave's jenny and Arkwright's water-frame, partaking of the principles of both, but differing in application from both. Its "great and important invention was the spindle-carriage, and the principle of the thread's having no strain upon it until it was completed. The carriage with the spindles could, by the movement of the hand and knee, recede just as the rollers delivered out the elongated thread in a soft state, so that it could allow of a considerable stretch before the thread had to encounter the stress of winding on the spindle. *This was the corner-stone of the merit of his invention.*" It was a great misfortune that Crompton could not make any real use of his discovery. Had he joined Peel, who had all the business habits and capability which the Bolton weaver wanted, they would have advanced the cotton manufacture by twenty years, says Mr. French, and Samuel would have made his fortune. But he chose his own path, and elected a life of solitude and loneliness; and when a man, by obstinacy or by want of clear-sightedness, has set himself to his own loss, it is very hard to prevent him. No life with which I am acquainted is such a striking instance of the folly of pride and exclusiveness as that of clever, moody, sensitive Samuel Crompton.

The mule got into the market; and soon the mule-maker was distanced by his own machine. Various improvements in detail were applied—the rough wooden rollers were replaced by others of smooth, swift-running metal; David Dale, of Lanark, applied water-power to its use; Peel and Arkwright, and all the great manufacturers adopted it, with all its improvements, in their gigantic mills; while the inventor toiled humbly and sadly in his old behind-handed workshop, and nursed the smarting wounds which he made all the worse by contemplation. And then he clothed himself anew in his impenetrable garment of pride and reserve, and thought himself ill-used because the world regarded him as a celebrity. If he saw himself pointed at, or spoken of, in the market, he would not attempt to transact business, but would return home with all his samples in his pocket; or if a "rough-and-ready manufacturer" offered him less than he asked, he would wrap up his samples and leave him, never condescending to explain or to bargain. He used to complain bitterly of the manner in which he was watched and suspected of still further improvements; and took the natural curiosity of men, even their natural homage to his genius, as so many insults and wrongs. In fact, every incident of his life shows how entirely morbid and wrong-headed he was in all his dealings with the world and his fellow-men.

Seventeen hundred and ninety-three was a year of unexampled prosperity to the muslin weavers of Bolton. A piece of twenty-four yards brought four guineas, or three-and-sixpence a yard for the weaver, "whose trade was



that of a gentleman," who took home his work in top boots and ruffled shirts, carrying canes or riding in coaches. Many weavers used to walk about with five-pound Bank of England notes spread out under their hatbands, thus curiously prefiguring one of the most remarkable characteristics of the Californian diggers; they would smoke none but long "churchwarden" pipes, kept themselves as a race apart, and suffered no one else to intrude into their particular rooms in their public-houses. In seventeen hundred and ninety-seven the four-guinea piece of cambric fell to twenty-nine shillings for the weaver; continuing the downward course up to eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, when it brought only six-and-sixpence. This was the natural consequence of a great discovery made popular. A subscription was set on foot for Crompton during a year of great distress, and he got between four and five hundred pounds, which was the first real reward yet obtained for his invention. Afterwards Parliament was "spoken to," and the spinner came up to London to see to the advancement of his own fortunes. He was in the lobby with Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Blackburn, when Mr. Perceval, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, came up. "You will be glad to hear," he said, "that we mean to propose twenty thousand pounds for Crompton; do you think that will be satisfactory?" Crompton walked away, not wishing to hear the reply, and in two minutes a great shout was raised—Perceval had been shot. Of course the motion for the grant was withdrawn for that night; and when made it was made by a less friendly patron: only five thousand pounds were asked for instead of twenty. The sum which Crompton proved that he had contributed to the revenue by the number of his mules then at work, was about three hundred thousand a year; the percentage of five thousand pounds out of this increase was an unheard-of meanness. And even this did not come free of charges. One of the charges was a fee for forty-seven pounds seventeen shillings and fourpence, "being fees to both Houses, for inserting one clause in the appropriation act;" and a parliamentary friend, who had pushed his claims, took care to make a demand for a loan of one out of the five thousand pounds; which request, however, it is satisfactory to know, was refused.

Things never went thoroughly well after this. The sons disagreed, and turned out but indifferent helps and supports to him; some bleaching works that he took, failed; his machinery was copied, his patterns pirated; the world, that busy, pushing, commercial world of Bolton, trod too hard on his heels, and even threatened to drive its Juggernaut over his body; and, as years passed on, the grey, grave, quiet old man, grown more thoughtful and more pensive, grew also poorer and more obscure, and wore a deeper air of ill-usage and wrong. From poverty to poverty he sank lower and lower; and his last days, under the mismanagement of his thriftless and not over estimable daughter, were threatened with worse than stint, when a number of

his friends banded together, and raised a subscription among themselves, with which they purchased an annuity of sixty-three pounds, and so rescued him from at least any frightful catastrophe. A last attempt to obtain a further grant from government failed, partly because (so it was stated) "his primitive enemy," Sir Robert Peel, had undermined him; and partly because the House had one of its odd fits of ingratitude and want of appreciation concerning him, which nothing could overcome. Poor Crompton felt only too keenly the wrongs which his own want of business capacity and common sense had helped to draw upon him, and died, as he had lived, with all the bitterness belonging to a sense of failure and disappointment. But his invention has revolutionised the cotton trade, and the cotton trade is one of the great powers of the present; so that in this way the old Lancashire spinner has made himself an undying influence in the future, and has set his mark and seal upon a trade which may be taken as the symbol of western civilisation and British supremacy. No mean epitaph that for an obscure Lancashire man, to whom eighteenpence a night was good pay for his violin-playing, and whose mother thrashed him soundly if he failed in his daily tale of work!

#### VATICAN ORNITHOLOGY.

M. TOUSSENEL is a passionate sportsman. But as he shoots, he studies his game, drawing from it what he calls passionnal analogies. Every beast and every bird is the emblem of some manifestation of human passion. Man is, therefore, not so widely separated from the brutes as he may fancy himself to be. But even vegetables, whom we are accustomed to consider if not as altogether harmless, at least as guiltless and irresponsible, are the objects of M. Tousse-nel's admiration or hatred, according as they represent human virtues or vices.

For instance, his office of Analogist, which he holds to be on a par with that of prophet or lawgiver—in fact, to be a combination of the two, renders him the most inimical of all the natural enemies of the mangel-wurzel family. If you ask him why he entertains such a violent rancour against an innocent root, "Innocent! the Beetroot?" he exclaims; "an impure plant, which prefers to feed on the filthiest diet? I know the odious race too well to tolerate them; they are their fathers' own children, the offspring of protectionists and monopolists. You are curious to learn the reason of my mortal antipathy for this plant? Listen, then, with all your ears.

"Know that Passionnal Analogy, which is the science of sciences, sometimes reveals to those who consult it secrets of which the profane are ignorant. The Analogist has not to bestow a second glance upon the juice of the beetroot (a reddish and sweetish juice, false in colour and pharisaical in flavour) in order to discover the principle of all the evil passions which secretly ferment in the bosom of the plant—notably, an

unbridled ambition, characterised by a tendency to universal monopoly. You know that the colour red, so beloved by savages, is the emblem of ambition. The Analogist foresaw what has happened; namely, that the beetroot, a native of cold climates, which is only capable of producing spurious sugar, would not be satisfied with substituting its disloyal produce for the genuine sugar of the cane; but that, as soon as it had obtained the monopoly of that precious article, it would audaciously aspire to rob the vine of the privilege of supplying wine and alcohol, and would not even shrink from the insane attempt to supplant the coffee-tree in the production of Mocha. The Analogist foresaw all that, and cried aloud on the house-tops. But no one regarded him; his voice was lost in the wilderness. The insolent, protected beetroot has been dragging France through such sloughs of dirt, that at last it can be borne no longer."

Toussenel, the Analogist, has not grown milder with age; but he is comforted with the prospect of a better time coming, although his own personal enjoyment is thereby likely to be curtailed. To explain: the Analogist is an ardent snipe-shooter. Of all sports, successful sport in the marshes is the highest attainment of the art. La chasse au marais, marsh-shooting, has intoxicating seductions, irresistible allurements, which throw everything else into the background. To give it up, is to lose sporting caste. No sport stimulates to so high a degree the combined enthusiasm of soul and sense. None exacts like it the double sureness of eye and foot, the passion of art united to a temperament of iron, and contempt of fevers and colds in the head, a cordial understanding between the sportsman and the dog. The snipe is the reward of the strong and the prize of the skilful. Snipe-shooting is the solemn test which settles precedence amongst the upper ranks of sportsmen. It can even render an Englishman almost respectable in M. Toussenel's eyes. Afflicted with chronic Anglophobia, the Analogist can yet speak in not very harsh terms of the considerable emigration of British sportsmen—all cut after the same pattern, long, dry, upright, without any joints, but in other respects the best guns in the world, and worthy to carry the standard of St. Hubert—who pursue the snipe through its favourite haunts, even to the Pontine Marshes. They boldly scorn all vulgar fear of the buffalo, the wild bull, and the malaria—three obstacles which Nature might be supposed to have placed as guardians on the frontiers of the Holy City, to prevent the entrance of misbelieving sportsmen. A poor defence, after all, the fever of malaria turns out to be! These wicked heretics have discovered that the true specific against paludian fever is, not sulphate of quinine, as has been hitherto believed, but hashed snipes, liberally washed down with the oldest claret. It seems that Providence, ever propitious to the hunter, had placed the remedy by the side of the disease. The chase is the mother of arts, and the first of the fruits of the tree of knowledge.

It was not in Italy, however, but in France,

that the Analogist had the opportunity of studying the snipe-shooter of Albion, and of appreciating his high and powerful moral and stomachic faculties. The marshes of France, in consequence of their mediterranean position, have long been the compulsory halting-place of the Scandinavian snipes during their half-yearly travels to the south and back. There is, on the confines of Berry and Touraine, an unknown district, which is called La Brenne, after the name of its Roman explorer, Brennus. Of all the cantons of France, with the exception of the crown preserves and those of M. de Gâville, La Brenne is the most abundant in all sorts of game. The stag, the wild-boar, the roebuck, and the wolf are not unknown animals there; the great bustard and the swan are abundant in severe winters. Hares are still sold there at from ten to fifteen pence a piece, a red-legged partridge for sevenpence-halfpenny, and woodcocks at about the same price. But it is the water-fowl which has hitherto been the glory of La Brenne, which is a sandy plain, half water, half land, an adorable desert in the eyes of the artistic sportsman, a series of swamps, wherein the fresh-water tortoise flounders at ease, where quails remain all winter long, and where an estate of fifteen hundred acres is let for a rental of two hundred and forty pounds, and is sold in fee simple for four thousand eight hundred pounds. It was in La Brenne that the Analogist had the good fortune to admire, in the person of a child of Albion, the sublime union of the perfect snipe-shooter with the just and decided man of Horace's ode—*justum ac tenacem propositi virum*. This mortal, unique in his class, had made a vow, when he came to La Brenne, never to shoot any other game than snipes. He had shot there for twenty years, and he had fired twenty thousand shots, without once failing in his engagement—without ever having menaced the life of a hare or a partridge. So that those creatures, aware of his habits, instead of escaping at his approach, came forward to have a look at him. A capital shot, moreover, and modest in proportion, never saying, "I have killed," but "I have *seen* so many snipes to-day."

But the end of these glorious days is approaching. Agricultural Reform is coming to claim her prey. The drainer, the leveller, the stubber-up of rotten stumps, are threatening to bleed the country at every vein, under the pretext of sanitary improvement. Cabbages will soon grow on the domain of the bustard; the snipe will shortly disappear, the victim of progress; and yet the analogistic sportsman has the philosophy to master his grief, through the consideration that the marshes of La Brenne are not, like the Pontine Marshes, a divine institution, a portion of the realm of an infallible ruler, but the work both of human agency and of human neglect. What man has made, he thinks, man may always unmake. In short, M. Toussenel, who has the acumen to detect in various birds the type of every phase of human nature, has thrown a new light on the Roman Question by informing us that not only the

Pope, cardinals, prelates, and priests of Rome, but also the abbesses and nuns are—snipes!

A canoniser of saints, an authoriser of modern miracles, an excommunicator of kings, an inventor of Immaculate Conceptions, would seem to merit a more dignified comparison; but however high-soaring a bird of prey he may have been in his time, however loud-crowding a cock of the European walk, a snipe he is now, and a snipe he intends to remain, if people will let him, and that for excellent reasons.

There is no need for a man to be wonderfully strong in natural history to know that the snipe, who has a very long, slender, and soft bill, is particularly fond of sloppy, marshy grounds, of the tail-ends of ponds, of the banks of stagnant waters, that is to say, of the sole spots where it can find an ample pasturage of worms. Now, as soon as we have acknowledged the truth of the clear proposition which is laid down as the principle of the lately proposed French ministerial project, that every agricultural improvement must begin by the drainage of a country and the clearing out of its watercourses, the first consequence which logic draws from it is, that there exists a fatal antagonism between the interests of agriculture and the interests of the snipe. Logic also allows the long-billed bird to refuse any compromise on such tender ground, since the question for it is, "To be, or not to be?"

And now for a third proposition, which appears to be equally true with the two preceding: All reforms are sisters, and fatally commence by agricultural improvement. The destiny of the snipe is written in these words. Thus, the discovery of the compass leads to the discovery of the New World. Christopher Columbus's discovery soon induces us to discover that the earth is round, and that it spins round the sun, contrary to the opinion which had been held for ages. Galileo's and Copernicus's discoveries cause us to surmise that there are passages in Holy Writ which are open to more than one interpretation; the final consequence is a schism which detaches from Rome three or four great nations and fifty millions of souls. And on that day, mark it well, Luther's heresy dealt a fearful blow on the snipe, who suffers from it to this very day. It robbed the snipe, as it robbed Rome, of England, Saxony, Prussia, Holland, and the rest, suppressing, in those countries, monasteries, monastic vows, and indulgences to eat meat on fast-days.

Every man who has cut his wisdom-teeth has the right to form an opinion of the principle of the possession of temporal wealth by those who have taken a vow of humility and poverty. Men may form an opinion, but snipes may not. All the popes whom Dante encountered in his Inferno, will avow that it was their temporalities which placed them there. But the snipe does not admit their testimony, recorded by a Ghibeline pen. The snipe does not comprehend the subtle distinctions between the temporal and the spiritual, which pretended sages would have prevail in the councils of the government of its

choice. The snipe is magnificently in the right, seeing that all reforms, temporal or spiritual, political or religious, are the same; namely, an insurrection of some sort against an authority of some sort, which is based upon Divine right, and claims to be delegated by the Divinity himself.

During the golden age of the snipe's history, during the thousand years which began with Clovis and ended with Luther, the double-barrelled percussion gun, the dastardly child of progress, was not yet invented. On the other hand, the wise institution of meagre meals, which forbid men to make a god of their belly, had conferred on the carp a high economical and social importance; and pisciculture, under the influence of ichthyophagous ideas, became a profitable business, which was doubly dear to the monastic orders who are naturally inclined to the rearing of fish, because it is compatible with repose of mind and body. In those days, the domain of stagnant waters, the fish-ponds and the carperies, extended wider every week and month, to the great delight of the snipe, whose populous tribes had no other care than to make love and to die fat under the protectionist laws of their blessed country.

But Progress has come to upset pitilessly the wild-fowl's edifice of happiness—Progress, in all sorts of forms, under all sorts of disguises; Religious progress, under the mask of reform, has deadened in men's hearts all faith in the merits of the flesh of the carp, and has smothered the remorse of guilty stomachs. Then, political and philosophical progress stripped the monastic orders of their estates and their fish-ponds, to bestow them on the nation at large. Lastly, agricultural progress, the bitter enemy of pools and puddles, has conceived the notion of replacing pisciculture by a more remunerative as well as a more salubrious form of industry. You may remember the picturesque fashion in which an orator of the National Convention described the change in the situation. The phrase has attained celebrity, and merits it. "The reign of the carp is over," said the butcher Legendre; "let that of the ox begin." The time was come, he thought, to substitute the meadow for the pond, and herds of calves for shoals of finny fry. The orator might have completed his description of the state of things by another metaphor equally in accordance with the parliamentary style of the epoch: "The tocsin of '89 is the snipe's funeral bell." For the interests of the carp and the snipe are the same in this religious, political, industrial, and agricultural pond question.

But the instant that the orator of the Convention had discussed the contested royalty of the ox and the carp dynasties, the snipe's opinion on the Roman Question might have been guessed beforehand. The snipe only obeys the imperious prescriptions of its nature, when it sticks to the statu quo, in opposition to the anodyne reforms counselled by the French government. There is one measure especially to which it cannot in reason subscribe, and which it has even a



right to consider almost as the abomination of desolation predicted by the Prophet Daniel; namely, the admission of the laity to the administration of temporal affairs. If this system prevail, what security has the snipe that some unlucky prefect may not take it into his head to drain the Pontine Marshes, and so to drive it from its last asylum, under the specious pretext of destroying the focus of malaria, and increasing the sources of public wealth? As the snipe has already been caught in this way (having lost England, being in the way of losing France, while Spain and Hungary will drop off at the first high wind), as she knows that there is no safety for her out of the domains of the Roman Church, she cannot in conscience enter into any negotiations on this chapter. In her place you would do the same, and valiantly inscribe on your flag, "Malaria and Antonelli for ever!"

It suffices to be thoroughly acquainted with the manners and customs of the snipe, to perceive that she has been deputed by Nature to personify the spirit of contradiction and of resistance to progress, in its most irritating and strongly marked type—that of a domestic tyranny, which is austere, peevish, and pickled in devotion. Thus the snipe, who makes a great deal of noise in the air as long as spring-time lasts, becomes suddenly silent when the mists of autumn rise, and soon turns its back on all it held dear, to seek a refuge in solitary marshes, where it may meditate and get fat in silence. It is also customary for noble sinners to wait till the age of folly is past before they return to prudent conduct and seek their salvation in a sombre retreat.

The snipe wears a pelisse of fine materials, but not showy in point of colour, spotted with green sparkling dots. This costume is in imitation of the pious matrons who have ceased to care about making a display in dress, but who are not the less sensible to the comforts of silken stuffs, and who are fond of decorating their bosoms with amulets and holy medals. Metallic spots on plumage are always mirrors of illusion. Thus the mallard has his neck steeped in illusion touching the virtues of his female. The snipe's bright spots symbolise the foolish hopes which agitate the imaginations of credulous persons. Several species of snipes have adopted the fashion of wearing strings of beads or rosaries. The bird's long beak, which Nature has endowed with remarkable tactile sensibility, is the index of gourmandise. A vulgar prejudice, supported by the authority of Boileau Despreaux, attributes to devout stomachs avidities analogous to those of the snipe. Her brain is very compressed and her head is flattened at the sides. Her eyes, fixed on the top of her head and upturned towards the heavens, do not contribute to give her an intellectual physiognomy, although they attest her disregard for worldly affairs. Only, this eccentric disposition of the visual organs is the cause of the bird's being short-sighted and scarcely able to find its way. The snipe falls into every snare and allows

itself to be plucked by every bird of prey, who are very fond of its flesh. One species has been called *sourde*, the Deaf Snipe, because it is dumb. Deaf, dumb, and blind is a sad position; and one can easily conceive that a poor bird afflicted with so many infirmities should be tormented by perpetual terrors, and should take every stock and stone for a devouring monster. This latter hallucination is shared by superstitious folk, who also are short-sighted and small-brained, and are beset by anxieties which expose them to be duped by crafty intriguers who persuade them to leave their goods to religious corporations, to the great detriment and sorrow of their legitimate heirs. The French Civil Code has sagely undertaken the defence of the interests of these disinherited persons, by forbidding feeble souls from making their wills in favour of their doctors or their confessors.

Lastly, the most striking trait in the snipe's character, and which best brings out into high relief its passionate dominant (the spirit of contradiction), is its habit of *flying against the wind*—a habit contrary to that adopted by ninety-nine out of every hundred birds. It may be doubtful whether the snipe's dead body, after drowning, do not float up the stream instead of down it; but one would incline to believe it, for the reason that Nature generally creates her moulds all in one piece, and that this incredible mania for going dead against the wind attests a determination to walk opposite to the indication of good sense, and to fly in the face of reason at all hazards. Such used to be the conduct—according to the account of husbands and other enemies of the fair sex—of a multitude of domestic tyrants, pious and peevish, who professed a love of God, solely to have the right of execrating their neighbour; who always waited to hear your opinion, in order that they might express a contrary one; who took a little too much pains about their own spiritual interests, and not enough about the personal comforts of those around them; who, in short, exerted their ingenuity in a thousand and one ways to make you curse your existence and long to be removed to a better world. This is a very hard saying, considering that it is a true one.

The snipe's sad lot teaches you what Providence holds in store for all impracticable minds lodged in narrow brain-boxes, for all deaf or blind cripples who persist in walking against the wind of progress. But how many people are there in the world who will listen to the voice of passionate analogy?

Lament for the snipe, the innocent victim of fatality; and to be just, let us not require any poor animal to commit suicide, especially when we see that, in the world of men, the heroes of devotion to the public welfare are so scarce that you may count them. We know that superior and energetic natures alone are capable of tasting the joys of sacrifice, and of exclaiming with the snipe-shooter, in a burst of sublime self-denial, "Perish the temporal,

perish the snipe, perish all my own pleasures, so that Progress may march unchecked on her way!"

#### A PORTRAIT IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

ONE of the recently-acquired pictures in the National Gallery, is a portrait which at once rivets attention. It is reputed to be the work of Alessandro Bonvicino, commonly called "Il Moretto," the great master of whom Brescia is so justly proud; though it seems far more likely that it was by his pupil, Moroni.

The picture represents a young man who may be about seven or eight-and-twenty years of age; he is seated in a high-backed, red velvet arm-chair, leaning his head upon his right hand, in an attitude of deep thought; his face is handsome, but has somewhat of a sensual expression. It has a small moustache and beard of reddish brown, full lips, and a cheek slightly flushed, and in his eyes—which are large and unevenly set in his head, the eyebrows being very wide apart—is something not altogether to be trusted; either his nature is false, or a feeling is at work within which masters the effort to conceal it. There are the traces, too, of dissipation on his features, and one can scarcely err in supposing that he has known some deep grief, the remembrance of which cannot be swept away; neither can it be doubted that the original is one in whom a fixed and unalterable purpose is combined with utter recklessness of the consequences of any act he may be moved to perform. From his costume, which is in the fashion of the middle of the sixteenth century, it is evident that he is of high rank. He wears a dark-green quilted silk doublet, bordered with a narrow embroidery of gold, and fastened with gold buttons that reach from the throat to the waist. A black velvet cloak, very full at the shoulders, and puffed and slashed with ermine, with which fur it is faced, gives that peculiar squareness to the figure which is noticeable in all the portraits of the period. At his waist hangs a scarcello, or large purse, also of black velvet, lined with ermine; his collar and the cuffs beneath his doublet are of narrow point-lace; the golden hilt of his sword peeps from beneath his cloak; on the little finger of his right hand is a ring of twisted gold; and upon the table which supports his arm are an antique bronze lamp or inkstand, a statuette of the same metal, and some small round boxes for holding medallions, such as Cellini wrought, two or three of which are lying about. But the picture is not yet wholly described. There remains, to complete it, a black velvet hat with a flowing white feather, the band like a string of golden wasps, and the brim, which is broad and turned up in front, decorated with an ornament of singular form. This ornament, closely examined, shows an inscription in Greek characters, and furnishes a key to the history of the portrait, which is that of Count Sciarra Martinengo, the head—at the time he lived—of one of the most illustrious families of the city of

Brescia. It is the brief but eventful history of this nobleman, which, as I have gathered it from Italian and French sources, I mean to tell.

Something, first of all, concerning Count Sciarra's father, which is essential to the story. His name was Giorgio, and by way of sobriquet, the French, with whom he greatly associated, called him "il superbo Italiano;" and the Brescian chronicler, Ottavio Rossi, who relates this fact, amongst others (*Elogi Historici di Bresciani Illustri*. Brescia, 1620), says of him that "there never yet was one who, in the rank of a private gentleman, equalled Count Giorgio Martinengo in greatness of soul;" and that the inward qualities by which he was adorned shone out from a majestic and beautiful countenance, not less expressive of reverence for religion than for its high military bearing. He adds, that Count Giorgio excelled even princes in liberality, which led him into expenses beyond his condition, though that was a noble one.

In the long and bitter rivalry between Francis the First and the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Count Giorgio took the side of the French king; serving his cause, and afterwards that of his son Henry the Second, with great distinction as a skilful condottiere. For this reason, and, as the chronicler suspects, on account of a private pique, he made a deadly enemy of the famous Marquis del Vasto (otherwise du Guast); but he acquired, on the other hand, the close friendship of the no less celebrated Marshal Strozzi, in whom, by the way, if the manner of his death be truly reported, reverence for religion was not the distinguishing characteristic; for it is said that when Strozzi, mortally wounded, was lying in the agonies of death, he repelled the ghostly counsels of the Duke of Guise by saying he supposed his fate would be that of everybody for the last six thousand years. Strozzi was a mere soldier, but Giorgio Martinengo was also a man of letters, profound scholarship lending its graces to his mind. The great qualities that were in him naturally excited the envy of his contemporaries, but he could scarcely have been the head of a proud and powerful Lombard family without being the object of something more than envy. We have the familiar instance of an Italian vendetta in the immortal quarrel of Verona, and the strife between the Brescian houses of Martinengo and Avogadro was not less fatal to them both. That Count Giorgio was prompt and sudden in his revenge, is testified by the fact that he was known to have accompanied the governor of Brescia to mass on one particular morning; to have killed on the same day at Padua (distant nearly a hundred miles) an enemy of his brother, the Abbate Girolamo Martinengo; and again to have been seen early on the following morning in the principal square of Brescia, walking towards his own palace. At the present time, with a railway between the two cities, the journey to and fro is of easy accomplishment. In default of steam, Count Giorgio employed relays of the fleetest horses, with which he was well provided, it being his custom always to keep a band of

horsemen at his command, well armed, too, for the need of them which he often had. But others besides Count Giorgio were "yare in preparation, quick, skilful, and deadly, having in them what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish men withal;" and of these was Count Alovio Avogadro, the sworn foe of the house of Martingengo. He it was who, lying in wait for his enemy with a band of armed retainers, fell upon Count Giorgio as he was returning, with two gentlemen and three servants, from the shop of an armourer, whither he had gone to order a suit of armour for the tilting King of France—one day to lose his life in a tournament. Count Giorgio and his friends defended themselves bravely against their assailants, but the odds were too great and he was left alone; whether his supporters fled or were killed, the chronicler does not tell us. Alone, however, Count Giorgio never yielded an inch of ground, but, facing his foes, fell at last pierced with fifteen wounds, thirteen of which were by sword-thrusts and two by pistol bullets. Rare was his intrepidity, and bitter were the taunts which he heaped upon the Avogadro, and he closed his life with a sentence in Greek, a language in which he was well skilled, for, says the chronicler, he held a high place among the most learned men of his time.

Was the vendetta extinguished by the death of Count Giorgio Martinengo? No; but revived to burn with fiercer flame in the bosom of his only son, the Count Sciarra, under the flap of whose velvet hat in Moretto's (or Moroni's) picture, and ever before his eyes is inscribed the Greek words "ΤΟΥ ΑΛΑΝ ΗΘΕΟ" (Through excessive desire), which stimulate him to avenge his father's cruel murder.

The services which Count Giorgio had rendered to King Henry the Second endeared him to that monarch, who took the young Sciarra under his care, resolved to push his fortunes. As a boy he made him one of his pages, and when little more than a boy—save that manhood came soon in those stirring times—created him a Knight of St. Michael—the order which, in fulfilment of his father's vow, was instituted by that pious prince and most affectionate son, Louis the Eleventh of France. It was a great distinction to be invested at eighteen years of age with an order so highly courted, for it was to Frenchmen then what the Garter has always been amongst ourselves. Its origin may merit a passing word, as we find it set down in the "Vray Théâtre d'Honneur" of the Sieur Mare Vulson de la Colombière, himself one of the elect in this matter, and a soldier of great renown. "The Order of St. Michael," says La Colombière, "was instituted by Louis the Eleventh, at Amboise, in 1469, in memory of the protection accorded to the French by the Almighty, and the help which he sent them through the Archangel Michael, the tutelary saint of France. In the year 1428, during the siege of Orleans, one day when the English were endeavouring to force the passage of the bridge over the Loire, St. Michael appeared, visibly attacking them, bearing down their standards, their flags, and red

pennons, charged with lions and leopards, so that, *The Maiden assisting*, the English were obliged to raise the siege. Charles the Seventh took for his oriflamme the image of the Archangel, with these two mottoes from the Prophet Daniel: 'Ecce Michael, unus de principibus primus, venit in adiutorium meum'—'Nemo est adiutor in omnibus, nisi Michael, princeps noster.' King Charles made a vow to institute the order in honour of St. Michael, but was not able to carry out his intention; his son, Louis the Eleventh, however, fulfilled it. The device of the order is 'Immensi tremor oceani.' Coupled with this knightly decoration was rapid advancement for Count Sciarra in military rank, which, by his ability, he well deserved. Brantôme describes him as one of those "Mestres-de-Camp Catholiques" who rendered such good service against the Protestants during the wars of the League, and Rossi, who gives him the rank of "Colonello," says that he afterwards bore the title of Captain-General at the capture of several fortresses. He is described as being of middle height, thin, and strong. "There gleamed in his eyes," says Rossi, "an indomitable desire for glory, and on his brow might be read a soul unmindful of death or danger." Proof of these qualities was given by Count Sciarra in numerous pitched battles, and his disregard of danger is signally shown by the manner in which he sought to avenge his father's assassination. When the news of this event reached him, Count Sciarra was at the French court, and with the energy which Hamlet promised but left unperformed, he "flew to his revenge." With the greatest rapidity, he crossed the Alps, and entered the city of Brescia with nine noble soldiers, four of them French, and five Mantuans, and there, in the public square, on the solemn day of the Sabbath, he fell upon Count Alovio Avogadro as he was returning from mass, with several of his friends and retainers. But though the opportunity seemed so favourable, Sciarra was balked of his prey: Count Alovio sought safety in flight, and in his place a noble Brescian, one of his kinsmen, was slain. He was a man of much note, and, like the rest of the Avogadri, highly popular in Brescia, that family being distinguished for their loyalty to the Venetian government, and their hatred of the French and the French party; so that on the news of his death being spread abroad, the governor of the city collected his men-at-arms, to kill or capture Count Sciarra. The latter, observes the chronicler, quaintly, resolved, therefore, not to shut himself up in Brescia, but to issue forth with his friends: "Presi risoluzione il Conte Sciarra di non fermarsi in Brescia, ma di uscirne di lungo, insieme co' suoi." It was time for him to do so; the alarm had been given, and when Sciarra reached the Porta San Nazzaro (close to the present railway station), his passage was opposed by the officer who commanded the guard at the gate. Sciarra cried out that he must pass, but the unlucky officer refusing to obey, the impetuous count ran him through the body, and stretched him dead on the ground. He



then, with four of his party, escaped into the country, and evaded all pursuit. Five of his friends, however, remained behind, who had been unable or unwilling to fly, and upon these, three of whom were Mantuans and two French, misfortune fell; they had taken refuge in the palace of the Porcellaghi, where they were discovered by the sbirri, in consequence of one of the party dropping his hat, and, being made prisoners, were all of them hung next morning on the pillars of the public prison. "It happened," remarks the chronicler, "that, on the following night, the Podestà of the city suddenly died, and the ignorant and gossiping crowd looked upon his death as a judgment for having ignominiously executed those brave soldiers, all of them young and handsome, and of illustrious family."

His vengeance only thus half satisfied, Count Sciarra Martinengo returned to France; but, before his further adventures are told, another version of the affair which has just been related has to be given. Brantôme is the authority, and, without naming the cause of quarrel, he tells his story as follows:

"After having for a long time watched and ridden about, not being able to catch his enemy in the open country, for he had shut himself up in the city of Brescia, Count Sciarra resolved to go there to kill him; and being accompanied by two good soldiers, as determined as himself, he entered the city at mid-day, went to his enemy's house, ascended to his chamber, killed him suddenly, withdrew (it is not enough to strike the blow, you must escape), went out by the door he had entered in at, mounted, he and his men, on their good horses, which were there waiting, and was a league distant from the place before the alarm was given. He was pursued, as well by the officers of justice as by the relations of the deceased, who were great noblemen; but their pursuit was unsuccessful, for he succeeded in reaching Piedmont, where he entered into the service of King Henry, and served the crown of France so faithfully that as long as he lived he was ranked amongst the most faithful servants it had ever numbered, not only by foreigners, but by Frenchmen themselves. This," continues Brantôme, "was not all. When we went to succour Malta, he joined us for his own pleasure, as if he had been a young man who had never yet seen war, declaring that the happiest death a man could die was for the honour and religion of God, and that in this he wished to follow the example of his great ancestor, the Count of Martinengo, who also, for his own pleasure, went to the defence of Rhodes. . . . Several of his" (Sciarra's) "friends tried to dissuade him from going to Malta, saying that he ran the risk of meeting some of his enemies, friends of the man whom he had killed, in some part of Italy. I saw him, however, as resolute to undertake the journey as if he had no enemy in the world, saying always that if they killed him it would cost some of them their lives. He went through Piedmont like the rest of us, passed by Pavia, not far from Brescia, and proceeded to Genoa to

embark, with a determination as animated as I have ever witnessed. Finally, we all arrived at Malta safe and sound, he fearing nothing. On our return, he travelled by land as we did; knew that in Rome there was a relation of his man (son homme) undertook to kill him; but yielded to the instances of his friends and allowed him to escape. He then pursued his journey to France, still by land, from city to city; not, however, approaching the territory of the Venetians, as he had not made his peace with them, and was in danger there of his life, for it would have been too great temerity so to have tempted God and fortune."

With respect to the attempted vendetta, the greater precision of Rossi, himself a Brescian, renders his account the more probable; though when Brantôme says he went in the company of Count Sciarra to Malta (in 1551), the garrulous Frenchman has a right to be believed. But there are, indeed, several discrepancies in the story of Count Sciarra's life, not only as they are separately told by Rossi and Brantôme, but in relation to some of its principal incidents, which are not in accordance with the known fact of history.

A remarkable duel fought by Count Sciarra offers the first example. Rossi relates that, after the count had made his escape into France, he had a dispute one day with a noble soldier—an adventurer in the wars—and it was agreed that their quarrel should be decided on a narrow wooden bridge, little more than four spans wide, which crossed a running stream in the neighbourhood of Paris. But, he adds, if the place chosen for this duel was extravagant and capricious, not less extraordinary and perilous was the choice of weapons, which consisted only of two daggers for each, and of dress, which was merely a jerkin of violet-coloured silk. Sciarra, having pierced his adversary with five deadly dagger wounds, hurled him into the stream. Rossi accounts for the peculiar fierceness of this duel by suggestions that Sciarra felt it necessary to appease the manes of his father by sacrificing another life.

In recording the same adventure, Brantôme lays the scene at Turin, accompanying it with circumstances which give an air of credibility to his narrative, though the ferocity which distinguished the duels that were fought at that time, in France especially, renders Rossi's version by no means improbable. Brantôme says: "Great also was the courage he showed in a duel which he fought in Piedmont, on the bridge over the Po, with another Italian enemy, both of them armed with a dagger in each hand. It is true that their arms and shoulders were defended by a great brassard, but it was all of one piece and would not bend, so that it annoyed and confined the arm and kept it quite straight. This was the choice of his antagonist, who had been wounded in the arm, like my late uncle De la Chastaigneraye." (Brantôme alludes here to the antagonist of Jarnac, in the memorable duel fought at St. Germain en Laye, in 1548, which gave rise to the famous expression,

"le coup de Jarnac.") "In the end, Monsieur le Comte de Martinengo remained the victor, and killed his enemy on the spot. The combat was a very furious one, as I have been told by those who saw it, one of them being the late Monsieur de Vassé, who was a relation of the said count. This duel added greatly to the reputation of Count Martinengo. To be brief, his reputation was so great, and his valour so well known, that war having broken out between the Turks and Venice, the Seignory sent to him at Paris (where he usually resided)—or with the court—when there was no war, granting him a general pardon and absolution for the past, with a commission of colonel to raise three thousand men, and plenty of money for the purpose; and, being much beloved by the soldiers, and seeing well to their appointments, he speedily raised more than he wanted, and proceeded to Venice, where he was received with rapture; he passed over into Dalmatia with his brave Frenchmen and a few Italians, where he vigorously conducted the war till peace was made between the Turks and the Venetians." In another place, Brantôme tells us that, "when Sciarra took service with the Venetians, the Seignory forgot the old grudge they bore him for the death of the Avogadro, whom he had killed at Brescia; and with good reason, for he came at the head of two thousand French troops whom he had collected. They received him well, gave him good pay and appointments, and the rank of colonel, with a white ensign."

Now, it is the history of Count Sciarra's share in this war which is evidently apocryphal, for during the whole of the period when he was able to bear arms—that is to say, from the year 1540, when he must have been quite a child, to the year 1570, when he was dead—the thirty years' peace prevailed between the Turks and the Venetians which preceded the war in Cyprus (Othello's war), the sieges of Nicosia and Famagusta, and the famous battle of Lepanto. Nevertheless, Rossi combines with Brantôme in sending Count Sciarra to do battle "against the Ottomites," and he does so with additional and romantic particulars. "War having broken out between the Republic of Venice and the Turks, Count Sciarra was benignantly called from exile, and given the command of three thousand infantry, being named general in Albania. He defeated the land forces of Dolcigno, but the sea armament having arrived, he was compelled to surrender. He was made prisoner, and was about to be put to death by a Turkish captain, when it was discovered, in removing his armour, that he wore the Order of St. Michael, and the barbarian inquiring his rank, Sciarra replied that he was one of the knights of the King of France. Thereupon the Turk embraced him and gave him his liberty, releasing also three other Christian prisoners, amongst whom was one of

the Fusari family of Brescia. The count was greatly urged by his captor to take service with the Turks, magnificent offers being made him, but he declined the invitation, and passed over to Venice, where, in the following year, he attempted the capture of Castelnuovo, in Dalmatia, failing, however, for want of men."

Next comes the well-authenticated fact of Count Sciarra's death, which took place in the year 1569, and supplies one of the reasons why it is to be inferred that the Count Martinengo, who fought against the Turks—probably in 1537—was Sciarra's father, Count Giorgio, "il superbo Italiano," though, considering the other particulars given both by Brantôme and Rossi, the mistake is a strange one.

Let us follow the original of the portrait in the National Gallery to the closing scene of his life. It took place—not at the battle of Moncontour (as Mr. Wornum says in the catalogue)—but before La Charité, a town on the Upper Loire, in the present department of the Nièvre, three months before the field so disastrous for Coligny and the Protestant cause. "He" (Count Sciarra), says Rossi, "returned to France and served with the Duke of Anjou, afterwards King Henri the Third, as a general against the Huguenots; and under the walls of La Charité, an important fortress, he was killed by a ball from a saker (sacro), which took him between the breast and the left shoulder, while he was too courageously reconnoitring the place, before giving orders for the assault. His death caused great grief to the Duke of Anjou, and all the captains of the army wore mourning for him, following his remains to the grave with many tears, his funeral, by the king's command, being, one may say, magnificent and royal."

So perished, "frustrate of his will," this soldier whom Brantôme describes as "the sweetest-tempered and most gracious gentleman whom it was possible to meet with, and a sure friend where he gave his promise. I can say so on my own account, for he showed himself such to me on one occasion."

Making allowance for Count Sciarra's Italian blood, and considering his estimate of what was due from filial piety, considering also the habits and feelings of his age, it is probable that this eulogy was not entirely undeserved.

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